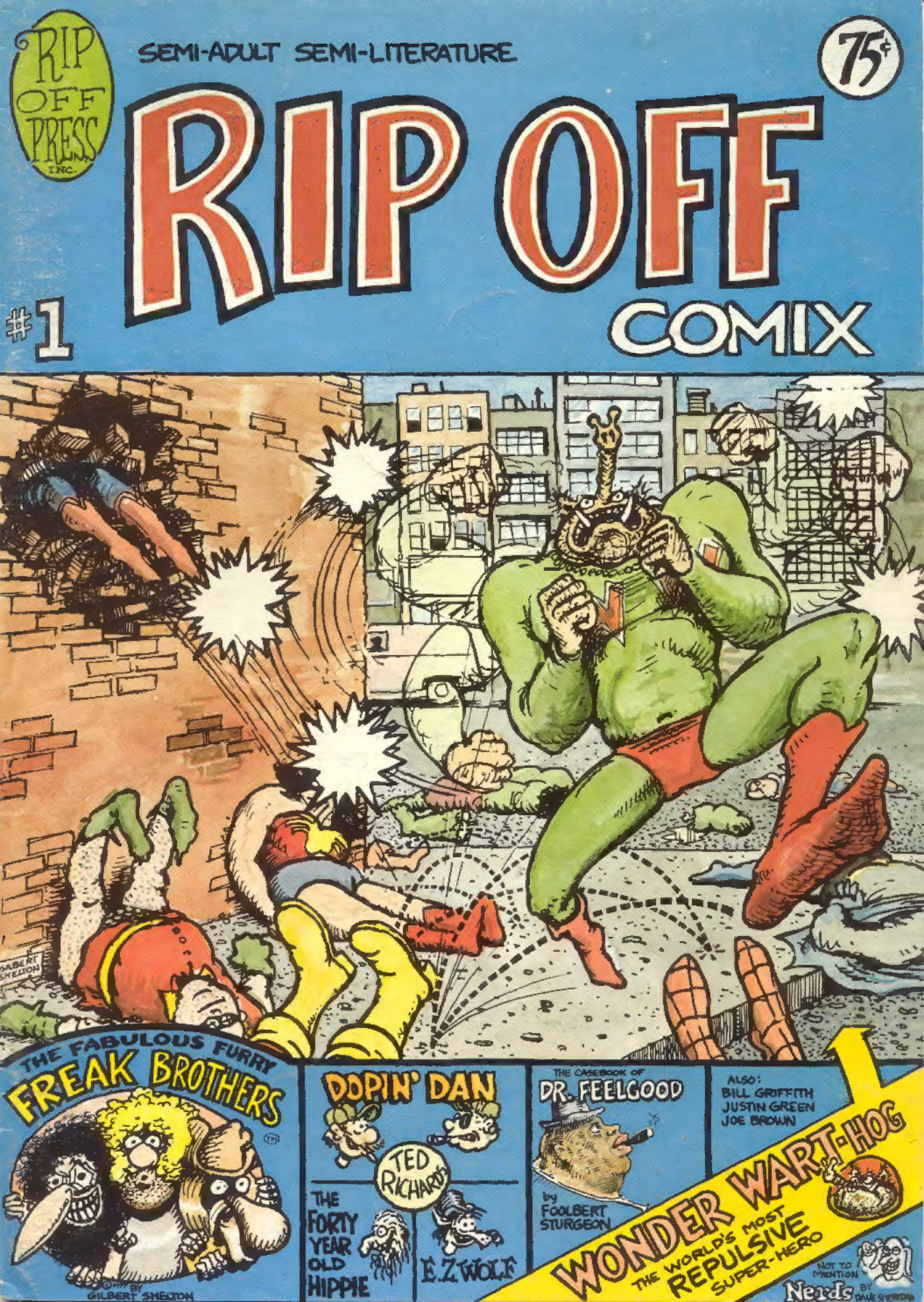
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SEMI-ADULT SEMI-LITERATURE
75¢
RIP OFF COMIX
#1
THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS
BY GILBERT SHELTON
DOPIN' DAN
TED RICHARDS
THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
E.Z. WOLF
THE CASEBOOK OF DR. FEELGOOD
by FOOLBERT STURGEON
ALSO: BILL GRIFFITH JUSTIN GREEN JOE BROWN
WONDER WART-HOG
THE WORLD'S MOST REPULSIVE SUPER-HERO
NOT TO MENTION Nerds BY DAVE SHERMAN

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THE FABULOUS FURRY FREAK BROTHERS

IN "THE PARAKEET THAT OUTWITTED THE D.E.A."

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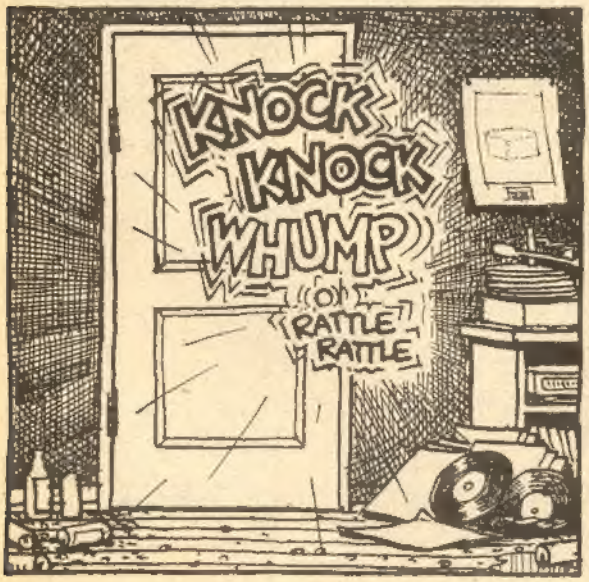
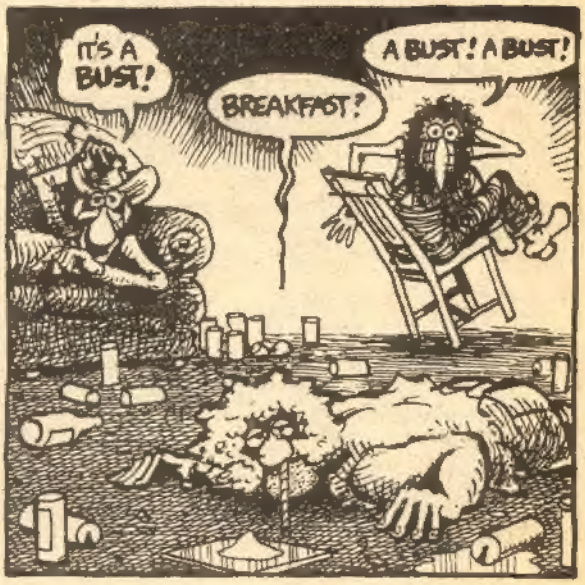
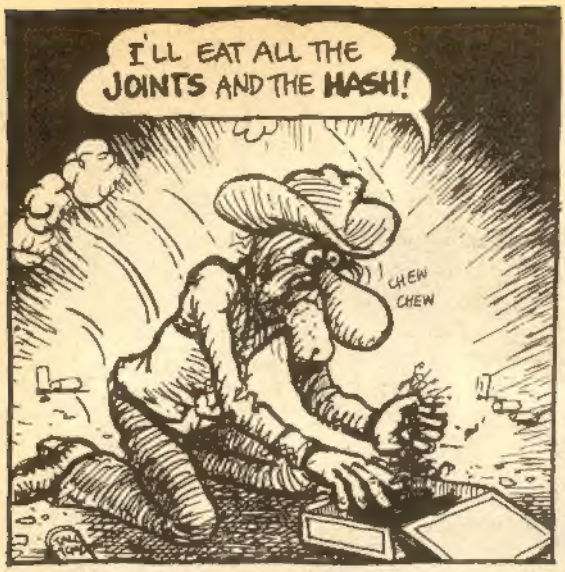
STORY: JOE BROWN



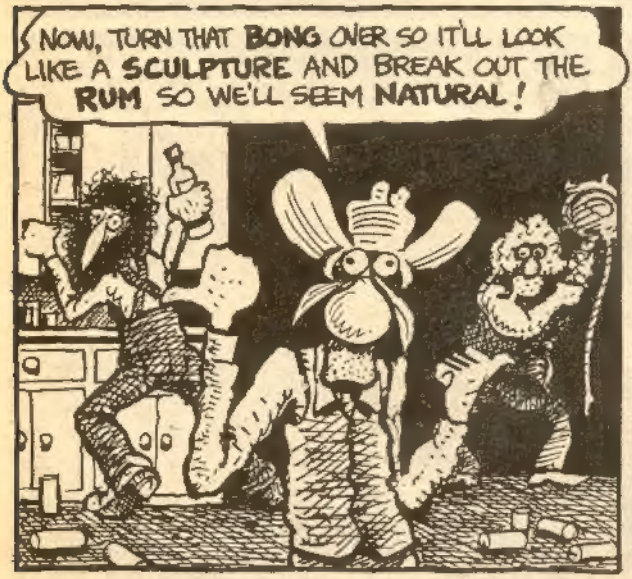



I'LL EAT ALL THE JOINTS AND THE HASH!
CHEW CHEW

I'LL POLISH OFF THIS REMAINING ACID AND THE REST OF THE MDA!

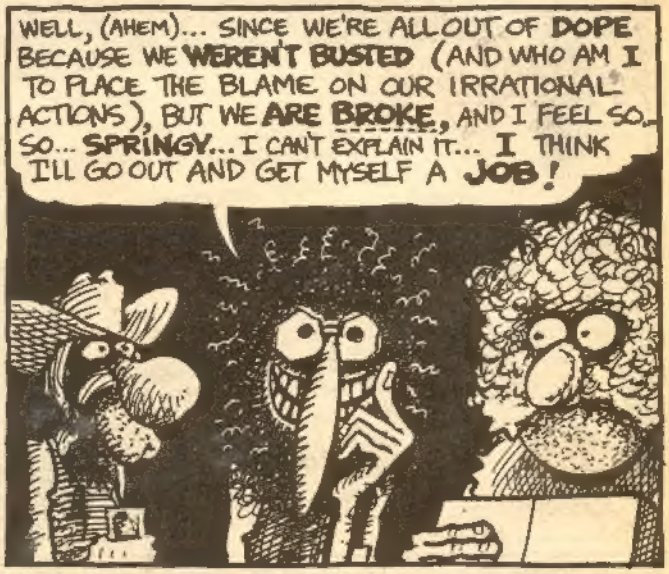
I'LL JUST SNORT UP THE REST OF THIS COKE!
I'LL JUST HELP YOU SNORT THAT COKE!
ROLL
RZZL
RZZL

WHAM
POUND
THUD
QUICK! HURRY! QUICK!
SNUF! SNIRT.
ME TOO! ME SOME MORE COKE TOO!

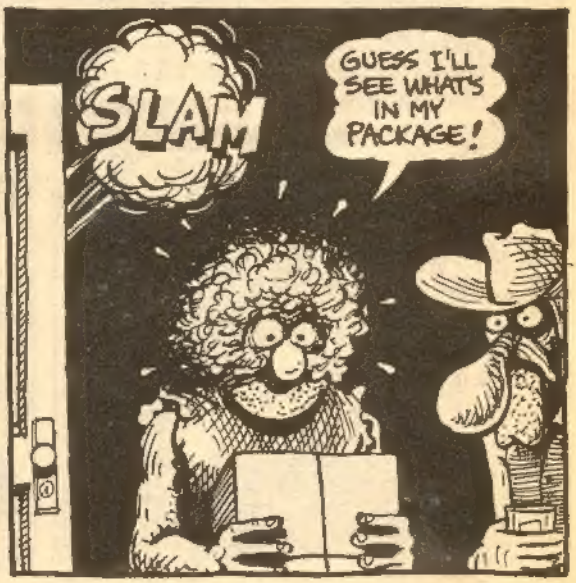

NOW, TURN THAT BONG OVER SO IT'LL LOOK LIKE A SCULPTURE AND BREAK OUT THE RUM SO WE'LL SEEM NATURAL!

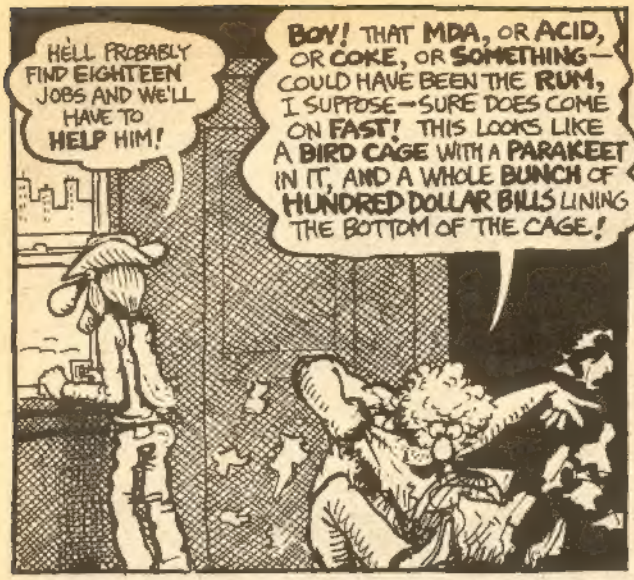
SPECIAL DELIVERY, REGISTERED AND INSURED, FOR SOMEONE NAMED "DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY!" IS THIS A JOKE?

POSTMAN? PACKAGE? THAT'S ME! I'LL SIGN! GIVE IT HERE! I'LL SIGN! OH LORD! WHEW! THANK YOU!
WELL, SIGN IT, THEN, STRAWNOSE! HERE!
JEEZUS!

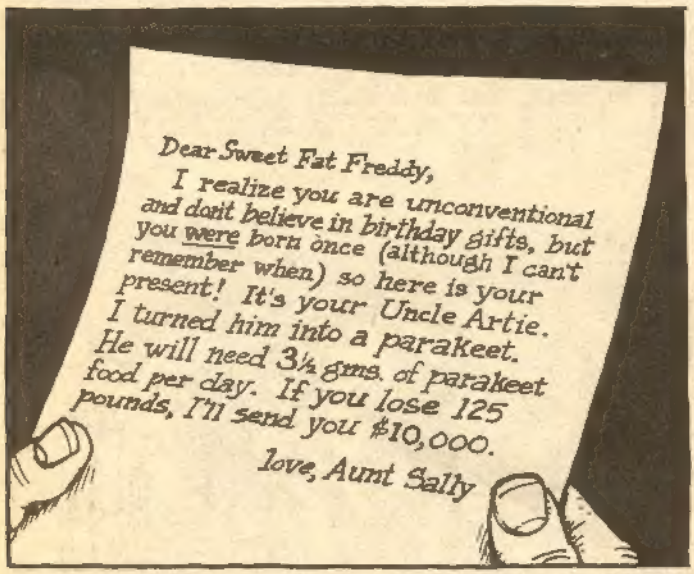

WELL, (AHEM)... SINCE WE'RE ALL OUT OF DOPE BECAUSE WE WEREN'T BUSTED (AND WHO AM I TO PLACE THE BLAME ON OUR IRRATIONAL ACTIONS), BUT WE ARE BROKE, AND I FEEL SO, SO... SPRINGY... I CAN'T EXPLAIN IT... I THINK I'LL GO OUT AND GET MYSELF A JOB!

WHO KNOWS WHY I FEEL THIS WAY! I NEVER WANTED A JOB BEFORE... COMET INSURANCE? EDSEL REPAIR? SAY, WHERE DID WE GET THAT NEAT STATUE? WELL, I'LL SEE YOU GUYS LATER, WHEN I'M RICH!


SLAM
GUESS I'LL SEE WHAT'S IN MY PACKAGE!

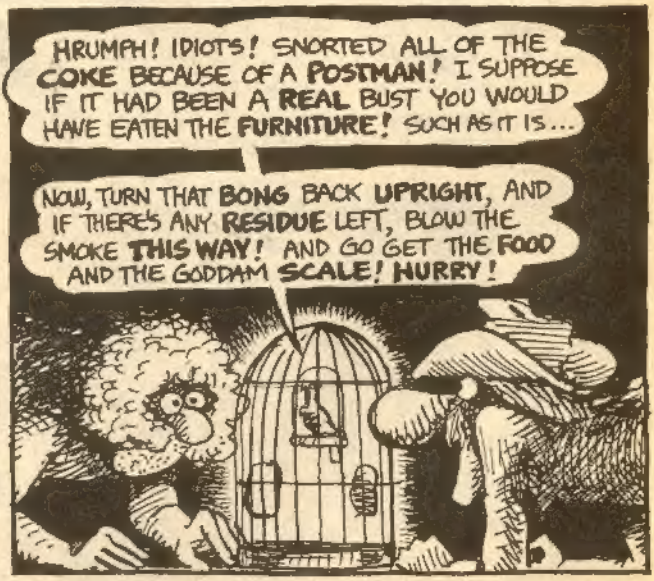

HE'LL PROBABLY FIND EIGHTEEN JOBS AND WE'LL HAVE TO HELP HIM!
BOY! THAT MDA, OR ACID, OR COKE, OR SOMETHING— COULD HAVE BEEN THE RUM, I SUPPOSE—SURE DOES COME ON FAST! THIS LOOKS LIKE A BIRD CAGE WITH A PARAKEET IN IT, AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS LINING THE BOTTOM OF THE CAGE!

WHAT? YOU'RE CRAZY! LOOK, THERE'S A LETTER ATTACHED! GIVE IT HERE! I'LL READ IT!
YOU'RE CRAZY! IT LOOKS LIKE A FEATHERED TOAD IN JAIL TO ME!


Dear Sweet Fat Freddy,
I realize you are unconventional and don't believe in birthday gifts, but you were born once (although I can't remember when) so here is your present! It's your Uncle Artie. I turned him into a parakeet. He will need 3½ gms. of parakeet food per day. If you lose 125 pounds, I'll send you $10,000.
love, Aunt Sally

GOOD LORD! THERE'S EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS IN THE BOTTOM OF THIS CAGE, ALL COVERED IN BIRDSHIT!

SHUT UP! YOUR AUNT PUT PRUNE JUICE IN MY WATER! I COULDN'T HELP IT!
NOW GO BUY ME SOME FOOD! YOU'LL NEED A GRAM SCALE TO WEIGH THE STUFF WITH!


HRUMPH! IDIOTS! SNORTED ALL OF THE COKE BECAUSE OF A POSTMAN! I SUPPOSE IF IT HAD BEEN A REAL BUST YOU WOULD HAVE EATEN THE FURNITURE! SUCH AS IT IS...
NOW, TURN THAT BONG BACK UPRIGHT, AND IF THERE'S ANY RESIDUE LEFT, BLOW THE SMOKE THIS WAY! AND GO GET THE FOOD AND THE GODDAM SCALE! HURRY!

WELL! HUH! I GUESS I'LL JUST **DO THAT!** I SEEM STRAIGHT ENOUGH, AND SINCE YOU **ARE** MY UNCLE **ARTIE**, A TALKING PARAKEET AND ALL, **RIGHT**? I'LL JUST GO WASH THE **BIRDSHIT** OFF THESE **HUNDREDS** AND BE ON MY **WAY**...

BABBLE BABBLE...

PUFF PUFF

AHHHHH!

THANKS A LOT, HAIRY, I NEEDED THAT!

WHEW, WHAT A TRIP! BIG STRONG MAN **ONE** MINUTE, DUMB FUCKING PARAKEET THE **NEXT**!

OL' SALLY'S A **VINDICATIVE** WOMAN!

SAY! WHY DO YOU WEAR THAT BIG **HAT** IN THE **HOUSE**? I MEAN, IF I WAS A **BUZZARD**, FULL OF PRUNE JUICE AND ALL, WHIZZING AND POOTING AROUND OVER YOUR **HEAD**, I COULD **UNDERSTAND**, BUT...

NEVER MIND THAT CRAP! NOW LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT... FAT FREDDY'S **AUNT** TURNED YOU INTO A **PARAKEET**? YOU ARE **ACTUALLY TALKING** TO ME?

BET YOUR ASS, HAIRY! SHE'S A **WITCH**, THAT'S WHAT! **I** COULD TURN **YOU** INTO A DAMN FAG **SQUIRREL** IF SHE HADN'T TURNED ME INTO A PARAKEET! THE BITCH! SHE JUST CAUGHT ME WHILE I WAS **NAPPING**!

OH WELL, THAT'S LIFE...

♪ ♪ ♪ THAT'S LIFE, AW HAW, THAT'S LIFE... ♪ ♪

I SHOULD WRITE THIS DOWN... OR MAYBE I SHOULD JUST JUMP OUT THE WINDOW...

MEANWHILE, PHINEAS HAS BEEN TURNED AWAY EVERY PLACE HE HAS APPLIED FOR A JOB, AND NOW THE **COKE** IS **WEARING OFF.**

RAND CORPORATION

YOU! YOU'RE **PERFECT!** WE NEED ANOTHER **D.E.A. AGENT! ONE HUNDRED** DOLLARS A DAY **PLUS** EXPENSES! AND YOU GET YOUR OWN **D.E.A. IDENTIFICATION,** WHICH (HEH HEH) YOU CAN ALWAYS USE ANY WAY YOU LIKE! YOU'RE A **PERFECT** UNDERCOVER NARK!

WHAT? WAIT A MINUTE! I'M NO COP! GET AWAY FROM ME! WHERE'S YOUR **WARRANT?**

RELAX, PAL! I'M FROM **DEL RIO PRODUCTIONS,** INC.! WE'RE MAKING A **MOVIE!**

WE'RE A BUNCH OF **D.E.A. AGENTS,** YOU GET THE PICTURE, AND WE COME ACROSS THIS **PLANE** PARKED IN THE WOODS... WE **OPEN FIRE** ON THE SON OF A BITCH... CONFISCATE THE **DOPE... GREAT PROPAGANDA** FOR THE **AGENCY...** TOTALLY FEDERALLY FUNDED...

WE NEED ONE MORE SLOVENLY UNKEMPT UNDERCOVER NARC TO FILL OUT OUR CAST (WE'VE ALREADY CAST THE CLEAN-CUT SMUGGLERS) AND **YOU** FIT THE BILL **EXACTLY!**

HOW'S ABOUT IT, SPORT?

A HUNDRED DOLLARS A DAY? SURE! COUNT ME IN!

SAY, YOU WOULDN'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY OF THAT, UH, "CONFISCATED DOPE" ON YOU, WOULD YOU? UH, TO SORT OF HELP ME GET INTO THE "MOOD" OF THIS LITTLE VENTURE?

SURE, PAL... HERE'S SOME **COCAINE** WE'RE GOING TO "FIND" ON THE "SUSPECTS" LATER ON IN THE MOVIE! TAKE ALL YOU **NEED**!

AND HERE'S YOUR **I.D.**, YOUR **GUN**, YOUR **TEAR GAS**... **EVERYTHING YOU NEED**! IT'S ALL IN THE BAG! NOW LET'S GET TO WORK!

HOP IN!

HELLO, FELLAS!

MEANWHILE, **FAT FREDDY**, BAG OF PARAKEET SEED IN HAND, IS PASSING BY A **HEAD SHOP**.

MY, I HAVEN'T BEEN IN ONE OF **THESE** PLACES IN **YEARS**! THEY USED TO HAVE THOSE CRUDE LITTLE **POSTAL SCALES**! I COULD WEIGH UNCLE ARTIES **FOOD** THAT WAY!

COSMIC HAROLD'S HEAD SHOP No. 14

FAT FREDDY FAILS TO NOTICE THE CARLOAD OF **REAL** D.E.A. AGENTS SPYING ON THE SHOP'S CUSTOMERS, WAITING FOR A **BIG ONE**.

LOOKY! THAT **FAT** ONE'S SO HIGH HE CAN'T EVEN TOUCH THE GROUND WHEN HE WALKS!

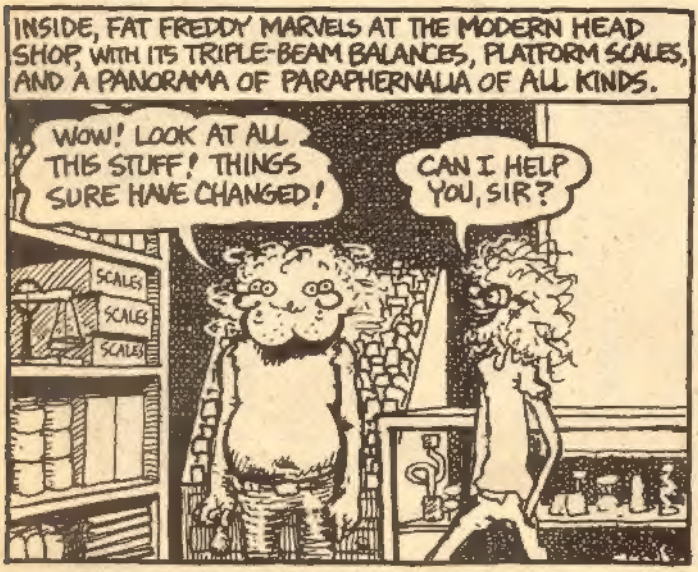
COSMIC HAROLD'S HEAD SHOP

IF THAT'S **PARAKEET SEED** IN THAT BAG, I'M AN **HONEST MAN**! LET'S BUST THE STORE!

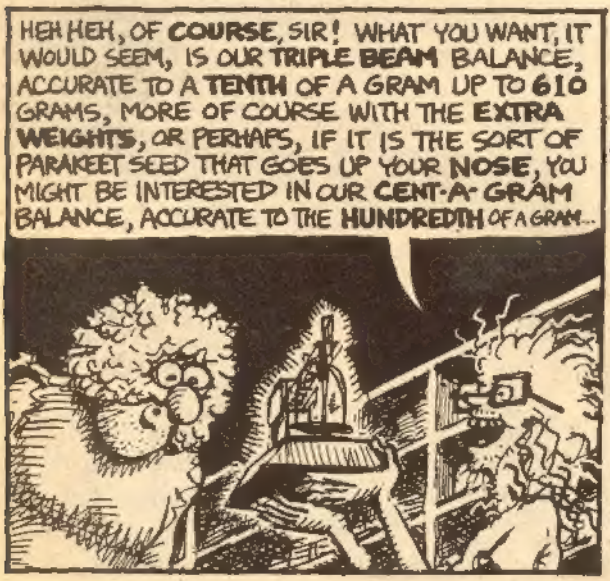
COSMIC HAROLD'S HEAD SHOP

NO! LET'S WAIT! THIS COULD BE SOMETHING REALLY BIG! OPEN UP SOME MORE BEERS AND LET'S SIT TIGHT!
I SAY BUST THEM NOW! I'VE GOT TO PEE!

SHUT UP AND PEE IN YOUR BOOTS LIKE YOU ALWAYS DO WHEN WE'RE ON STAKEOUT! THIS COULD BE REALLY IMPORTANT!


INSIDE, FAT FREDDY MARVELS AT THE MODERN HEAD SHOP, WITH ITS TRIPLE-BEAM BALANCES, PLATFORM SCALES, AND A PANORAMA OF PARAPHERNALIA OF ALL KINDS.
WOW! LOOK AT ALL THIS STUFF! THINGS SURE HAVE CHANGED!
CAN I HELP YOU, SIR?
SCALES
SCALES
SCALES

AHEM, UH... YES! I WANT A SCALE TO WEIGH GRAMS OF PARAKEET SEED FOR MY UNCLE ARTIE!


HEH HEH, OF COURSE, SIR! WHAT YOU WANT, IT WOULD SEEM, IS OUR TRIPLE BEAM BALANCE, ACCURATE TO A TENTH OF A GRAM UP TO 610 GRAMS, MORE OF COURSE WITH THE EXTRA WEIGHTS, OR PERHAPS, IF IT IS THE SORT OF PARAKEET SEED THAT GOES UP YOUR NOSE, YOU MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN OUR CENT-A-GRAM BALANCE, ACCURATE TO THE HUNDREDTH OF A GRAM...

... THEN AGAIN IF YOU SOMETIMES HAVE NEED OF WEIGHING LARGE AMOUNTS OF (AHEM) "PARAKEET SEED," YOU MIGHT LOOK AT ONE OF OUR PLATFORM BALANCE SCALES, SOME OF WHICH HANDLE UP TO 300 POUNDS!

WOW! I'LL TAKE ONE OF EACH!

THOSE LITTLE ONES LOOK LIKE JUST THE THING FOR UNCLE ARTIE, AND MY AUNT SALLY TOLD ME SHE'D GIVE ME TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IF I LOST A BUNCH OF WEIGHT, SO I CAN USE THE BIG ONE!

YES, SIR! ANYTHING ELSE, SIR?

YEAH, I NEED SOME PAPERS! WHAT KIND DO YOU HAVE? ZIG-ZAG? BUGLER?

HA HA, SIR! HERE IS OUR ROLLING PAPER SHELF! WE HAVE 198 DIFFERENT BRANDS!

ROLLING PAPER

JESUS! I'LL NEVER MAKE UP MY MIND! JUST GIVE ME TWO OF EACH! AND WHAT'S ALL THIS STUFF?

WELL, SIR, HERE WE HAVE 86 DIFFERENT VARIETIES OF "PARAKEET" SPOONS AND SNORTERS, PARAKEET OIL PIPES, PARAKEET HOLDERS, HUNDREDS OF TYPES OF PARAKEET HASH GEAR...

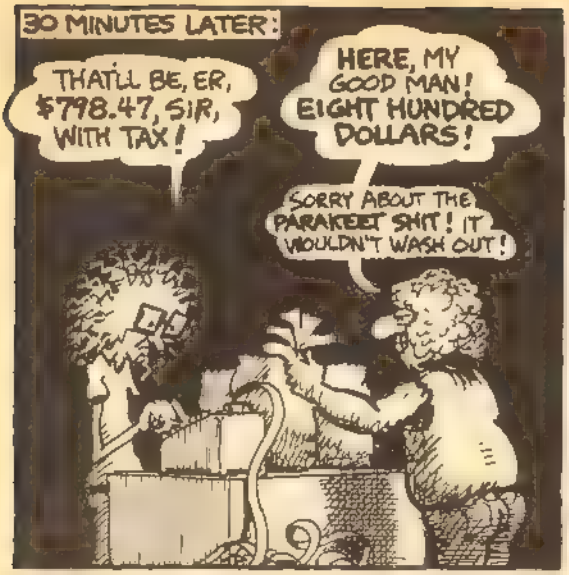
YOU JUST NAME IT, SIR! WHATEVER YOU NEED FOR YOUR PARAKEET, WE'VE GOT IT!

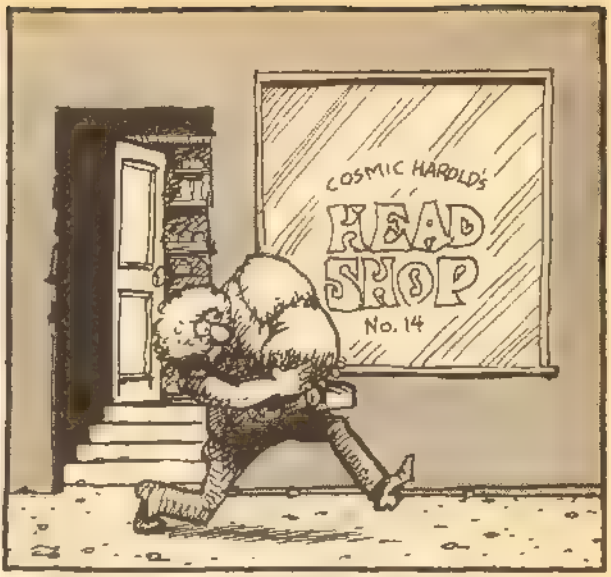
LORDY! I'LL TAKE ONE OF... NO, WAIT, MAKE THAT THREE OF EVERYTHING!

I'LL GIVE MY ROOMMATES A PRESENT!

THREE... OF... EVERYTHING?

YES, I'M GOING TO NEED THIS STUFF! I CAN JUST FEEL IT!


30 MINUTES LATER:
THAT'LL BE, ER, $798.47, SIR, WITH TAX!
HERE, MY GOOD MAN! EIGHT HUNDRED DOLLARS!
SORRY ABOUT THE PARAKEET SHIT! IT WOULDN'T WASH OUT!


COSMIC HAROLD'S
HEAD SHOP
No. 14

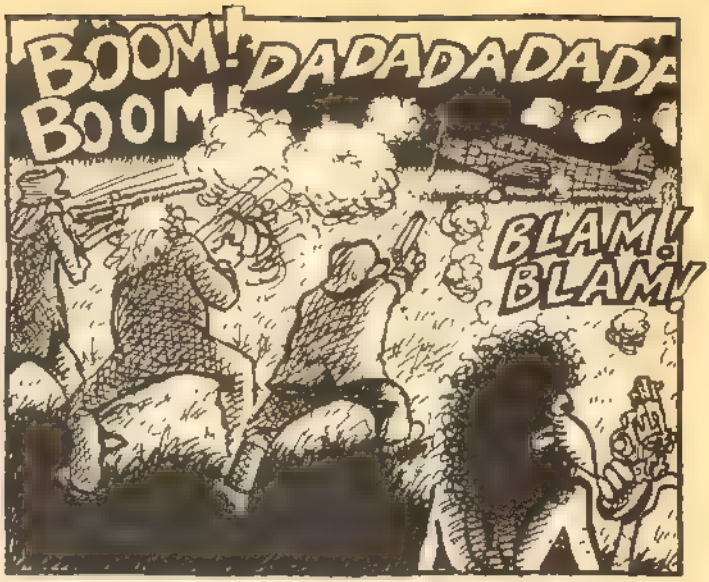
THAT GUY MUST BE THE BIGGEST DEALER IN TOWN! WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW HIM!
HE'LL PROBABLY LEAD US TO THE BIGGEST BUST IN HISTORY!

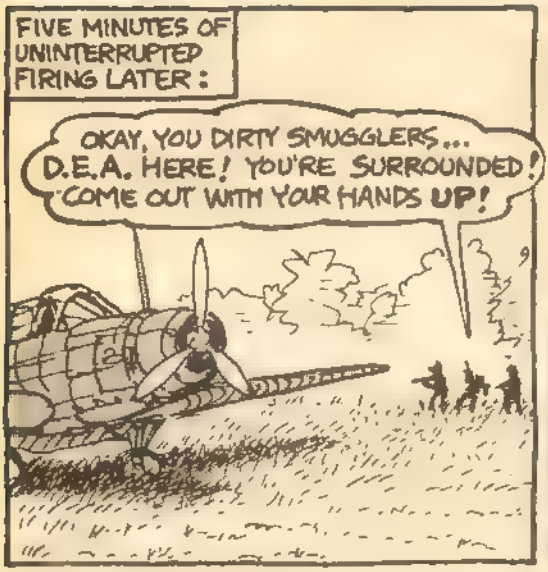
MEANWHILE, IN THE DENSE WOODS OUTSIDE OF TOWN, PHINEAS AND THE MOVIE CREW ARE WANDERING AROUND LOST.
GOD DAMN IT! WHERE IN HELL IS THAT MOCK AIRPLANE WE'RE SUPPOSED TO SHOOT UP AND BUST? HAS ANYBODY GOT A MAP? WE HAVEN'T GOT MUCH MORE LIGHT!

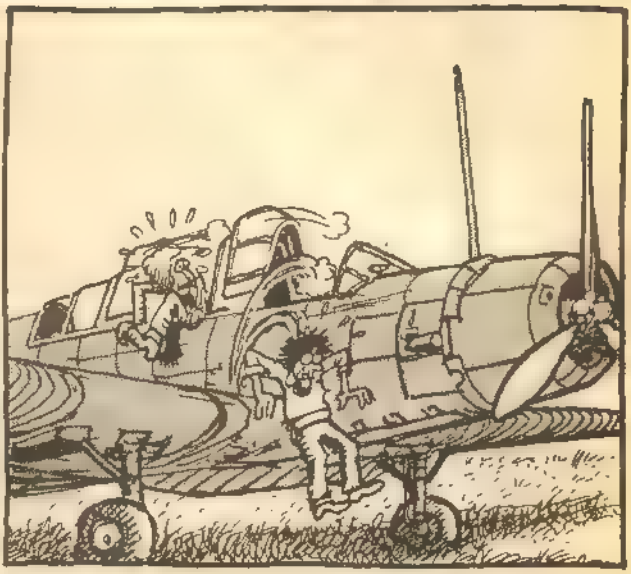
...GOD DAMN D.E.A. WANTS A GOD DAMN PROPAGANDA FILM AND THEY CAN'T EVEN PUT THE DUMMY PLANE IN THE RIGHT PLACE!
LOOK! THERE IN THAT CLEARING! THAT MUST BE THE PLANE!
MUTTER MUTTER...

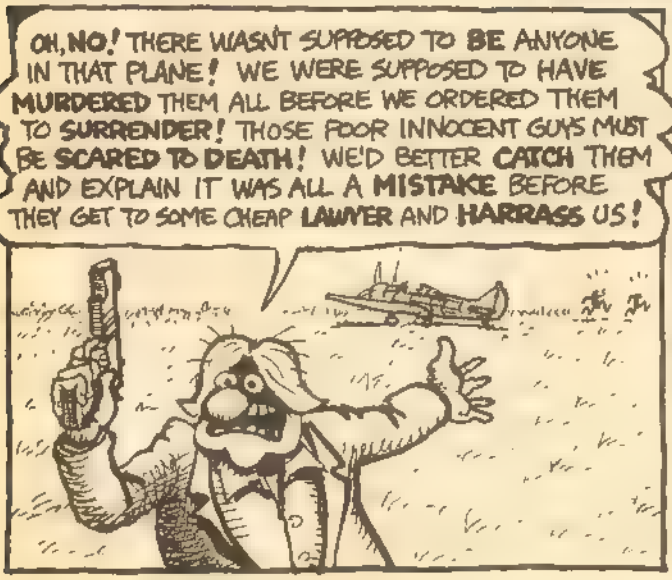
THANK GOD! SET UP THE CAMERAS!
ALL RIGHT! BRING THE LIGHTS OVER THIS WAY A BIT!

OPEN FIRE, MEN!


BOOM! DADADADADA
BOOM!
BLAM!
BLAM!

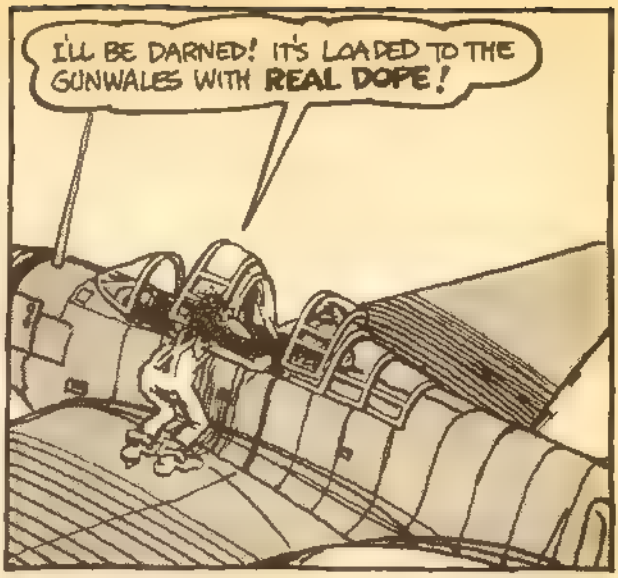

FIVE MINUTES OF UNINTERRUPTED FIRING LATER:
OKAY, YOU DIRTY SMUGGLERS... D.E.A. HERE! YOU'RE SURROUNDED! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP!




OH, NO! THERE WASN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ANYONE IN THAT PLANE! WE WERE SUPPOSED TO HAVE MURDERED THEM ALL BEFORE WE ORDERED THEM TO SURRENDER! THOSE POOR INNOCENT GUYS MUST BE SCARED TO DEATH! WE'D BETTER CATCH THEM AND EXPLAIN IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE BEFORE THEY GET TO SOME CHEAP LAWYER AND HARRASS US!

WAIT! STOP! HALT! WE CAN EXPLAIN!

HMM. I'M TOO FUCKED UP TO GO RUNNING THROUGH THOSE WOODS! I'LL JUST GO SIT DOWN INSIDE THAT PLANE AND WAIT UNTIL THOSE CLOWNS COME BACK SO I CAN COLLECT MY PAY!


I'LL BE DARNED! IT'S LOADED TO THE GUNWALES WITH REAL DOPE!

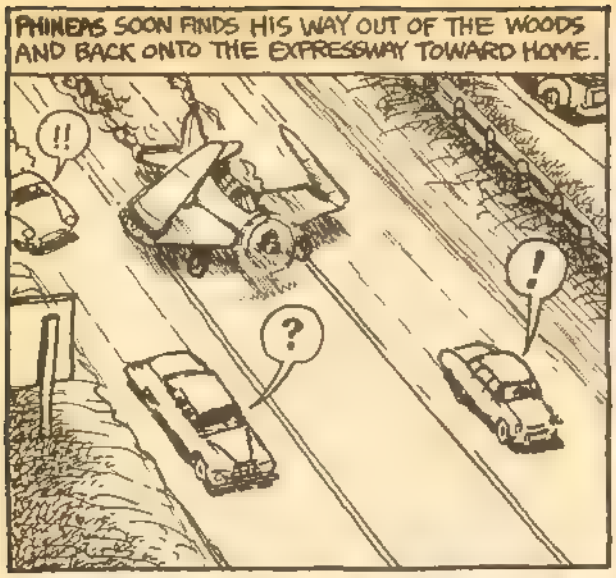
I MUST BE DREAMING! TOP QUALITY WEED! COCAINE! OPIUM!

BANG!
NOPE, NOT DREAMING!
SNORT

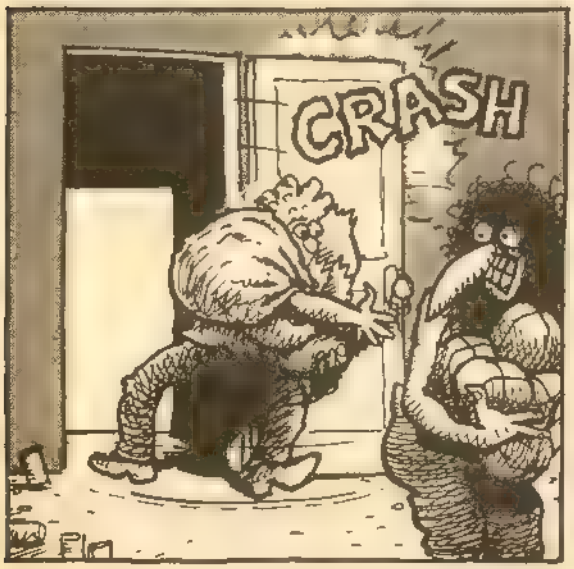
THOSE FOOLS ARE GOING TO BE BACK AT ANY MOMENT, AND UNFORTUNATELY I CAN'T FLY A PLANE!
...BUT MAYBE I CAN DRIVE A PLANE!

WITH THE WINGS UP, IT SHOULDN'T BE MUCH WIDER THAN A L.T.D.!
WHIRRRR CHUFF CHUFF WHIRR

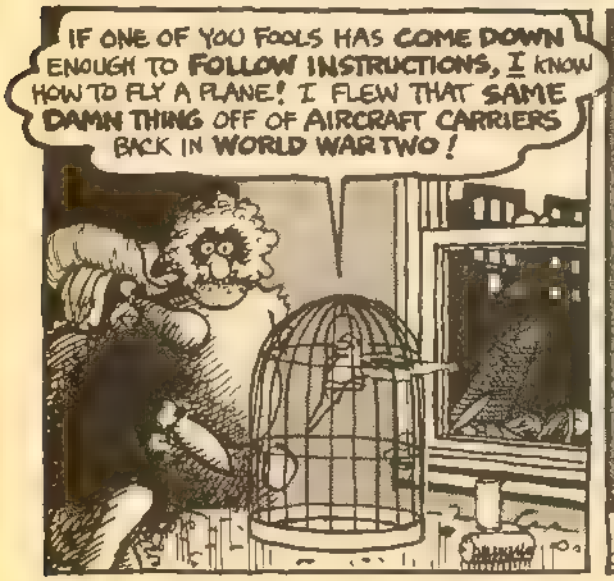
THERE SEEMS TO BE A DIRT ROAD OVER THERE, LEADING OUT OF THE CLEARING!
BUMP
BUMP BOUNCE
VROOOMMMMMMM


PHINEAS SOON FINDS HIS WAY OUT OF THE WOODS AND BACK ONTO THE EXPRESSWAY TOWARD HOME.
!!
?
!

SLAM
CLICK
YOU'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT AN INCREDIBLE FIND I MADE!


CRASH

HE JUST WENT INTO THE HOUSE NEXT TO THAT DOUBLE-PARKED ROCKET!
HOT DAMN! MAYBE EVEL KNIEVEL'S BEHIND THIS! I ALWAYS WANTED TO NAIL THAT SHOW-OFF!
JUST LET ME DUMP THIS PEE OUT OF MY BOOT AND LET'S NAIL 'EM!
HOP HOP

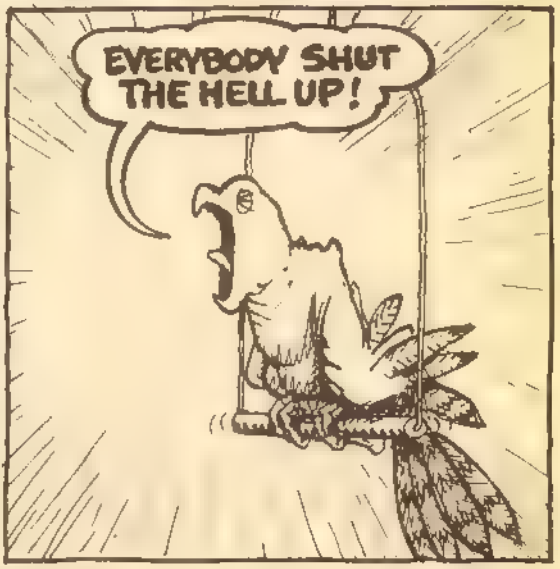

IF ONE OF YOU FOOLS HAS COME DOWN ENOUGH TO FOLLOW INSTRUCTIONS, I KNOW HOW TO FLY A PLANE! I FLEW THAT SAME DAMN THING OFF OF AIRCRAFT CARRIERS BACK IN WORLD WAR TWO!

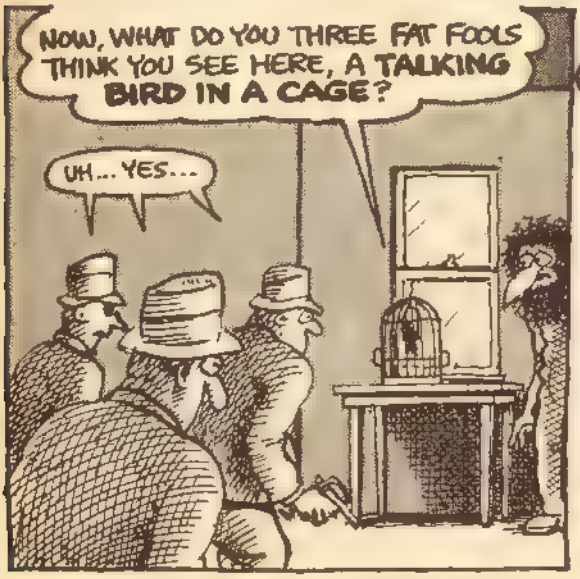
HOLD IT! WE'RE D.E.A.!
SMASH

YOU HOLD IT! I'M D.E.A. TOO!

ME TOO! I'M D.E.A. TOO!

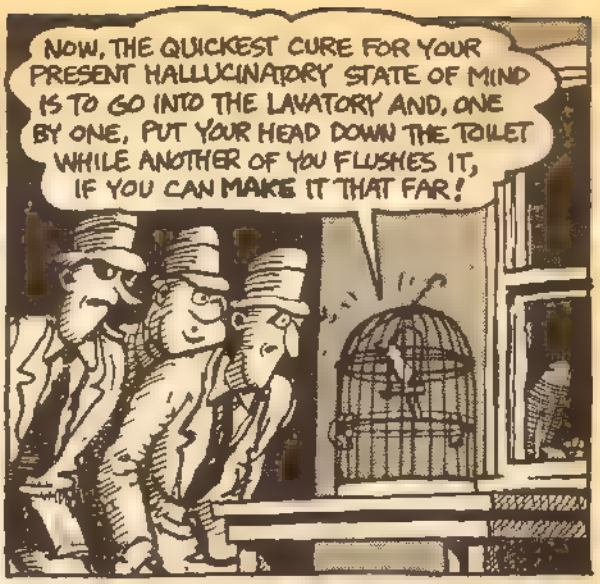
CAREFUL, I'M D.E.A., TOO!

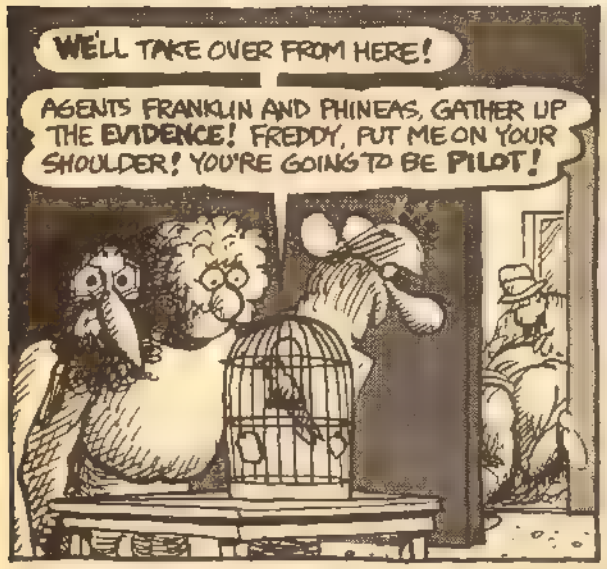

EVERYBODY SHUT THE HELL UP!

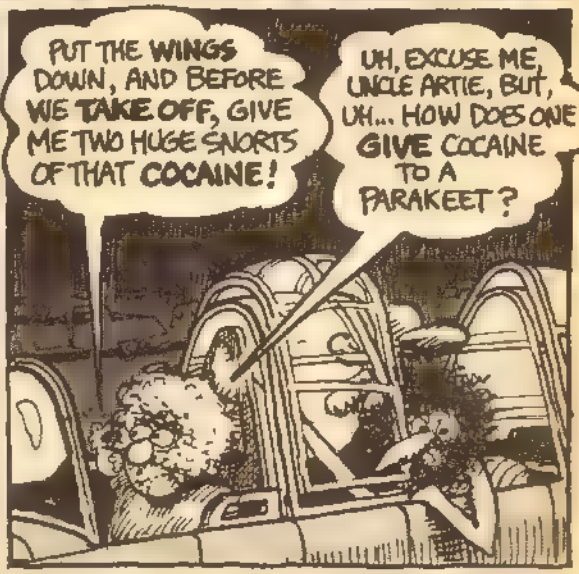

NOW, WHAT DO YOU THREE FAT FOOLS THINK YOU SEE HERE, A TALKING BIRD IN A CAGE?
UH... YES...

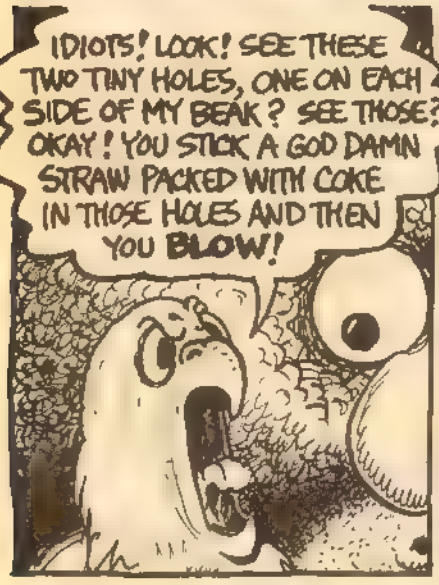
...AND DO YOU MEN SEE YOUR SUPERIOR, COMMANDER ARTIE OSBORNE, D.E.A., OR HAVE YOU BEEN DRINKING THAT DAMN GREEN BEER ALL DAY LONG, TOO?
WE DON'T SEE ANY BIRDS, COMMANDER!

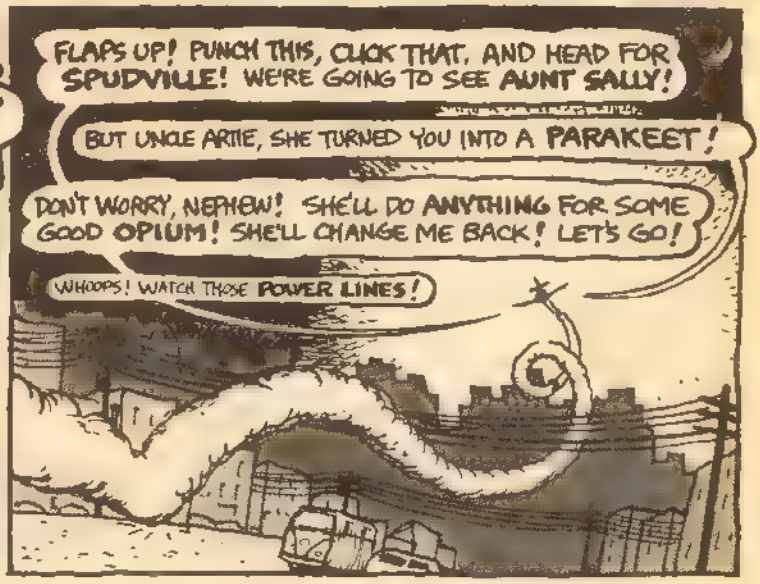
ALL RIGHT! YOU DRUNK CLOWNS ARE OBVIOUS VICTIMS OF OVERWORK, FATIGUE, AND THE L.S.D. THEY PUT IN THAT GREEN BEER FACTORY AT THE OTHER END OF TOWN!
YOU THREE ARE TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED UNTIL YOU COME TO YOUR SENSES!


NOW, THE QUICKEST CURE FOR YOUR PRESENT HALLUCINATORY STATE OF MIND IS TO GO INTO THE LAVATORY AND, ONE BY ONE, PUT YOUR HEAD DOWN THE TOILET WHILE ANOTHER OF YOU FLUSHES IT, IF YOU CAN MAKE IT THAT FAR!


WE'LL TAKE OVER FROM HERE!
AGENTS FRANKLIN AND PHINEAS, GATHER UP THE EVIDENCE! FREDDY, PUT ME ON YOUR SHOULDER! YOU'RE GOING TO BE PILOT!


PUT THE WINGS DOWN, AND BEFORE WE TAKE OFF, GIVE ME TWO HUGE SNORTS OF THAT COCAINE!
UH, EXCUSE ME, UNCLE ARTIE, BUT, UH... HOW DOES ONE GIVE COCAINE TO A PARAKEET?


IDIOTS! LOOK! SEE THESE TWO TINY HOLES, ONE ON EACH SIDE OF MY BEAK? SEE THOSE? OKAY! YOU STICK A GOD DAMN STRAW PACKED WITH COKE IN THOSE HOLES AND THEN YOU BLOW!


FLAPS UP! PUNCH THIS, CLICK THAT, AND HEAD FOR SPUDVILLE! WE'RE GOING TO SEE AUNT SALLY!
BUT UNCLE ARTIE, SHE TURNED YOU INTO A PARAKEET!
DON'T WORRY, NEPHEW! SHE'LL DO ANYTHING FOR SOME GOOD OPIUM! SHE'LL CHANGE ME BACK! LET'S GO!
WHOOPS! WATCH THOSE POWER LINES!

SEVERAL HARROWING HOURS LATER:

WHY, DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY! YOU DID LOSE WEIGHT! HERE'S TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!

I'VE GOT SOME FRIENDS WITH ME, AUNT SALLY, AND UNCLE ARTIE AND A BUNCH OF OPIUM FOR YOU IF YOU'LL CHANGE HIM BACK INTO HIS OLD SELF!

YOU MIGHT NOT WANT THAT, DEAR SWEET FAT FREDDY! DID YOU KNOW HE WAS THE SHERIFF OF SPUDVILLE?

HMMM... WELL, HOW ABOUT CHANGING HIM INTO A SUPER DOPE DEALER SO WE CAN GET RID OF OUR LOAD!

ALL RIGHT!

...AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, CHANGE THAT PLANE INTO A CADILLAC!

CRUNCH

A FEW HOURS LATER:

HERE, BOYS! A GOING-AWAY PRESENT FOR YOU ALL!

GEE, THANKS, UNCLE ARTIE!

A CHICKEN IN A SILVER CAGE?

HAW HAW! CAUGHT HER ASLEEP FROM TOO MUCH OPIUM AND TURNED HER INTO A CHICKEN! THE EGGS ARE GRADE B, MEDIUM, BUT THE SHIT IS PURE GOLD!

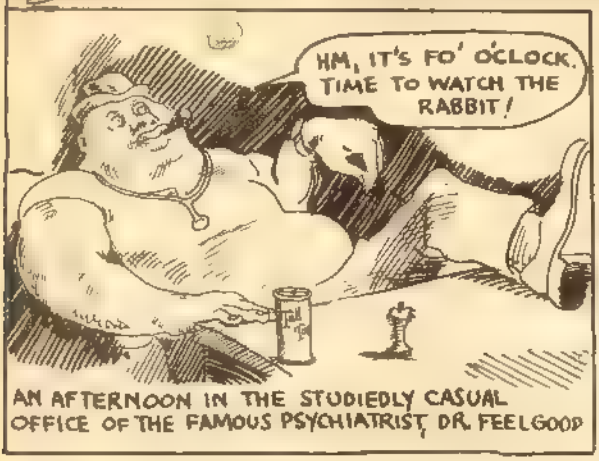
PLUUUUCK PLUCK PLUCK PLUCK

THE END

THE CASEBOOK OF DOCTOR FEELGOOD

FEATURING THE RIOTOUS AND SOMETIMES HAIRRAISING ADVENTURES OF HIS MADCAP PATIENTS!

By Foolbert Sturgeon



AN AFTERNOON IN THE STUDIEDLY CASUAL OFFICE OF THE FAMOUS PSYCHIATRIST, DR. FEELGOOD

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FORMER PATIENT DORMAN GRAMMIT HAS COME TO THE EMINENT PSYCHIATRIST DOCTOR AMOS FEELGOOD FOR HELP ONCE AGAIN.

DR. FEELGOOD DON'T WORK FOR NOTHING. OFFICE TIME. $14.00 PER HOUR THERAPY EXTRA

THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH ME THAT'S NOT HIS FAULT!

HOW YOU FIGGER DAT?

HE EMBARRASSES ME!

HE'S SUCH A SISSY CREEP! HE'S GOT NO DIGNITY. HE STINKS!

A MAN'S DOG IS A PART OF HIS IMAGE!

I DON'T MIND IT SO MUCH THAT HE'S DUMB, ALTHOUGH HE NEVER EVEN LEARNED TO LIFT HIS LEG!

THE BACK LEG! YOU STOOPID BASTARD!

HE MAKES A FOOL OUT OF ME

HEE

HA HEE HEEHAW

YOK

HAR HAR AH

YAK YAK HAW HAW

YA-HEE HYUK YUK

YOU CALL THAT A DOG!

HE'S JUST A DOG, MAN. ALL HE WANTS IS A LITTLE PAT ON THE HEAD.

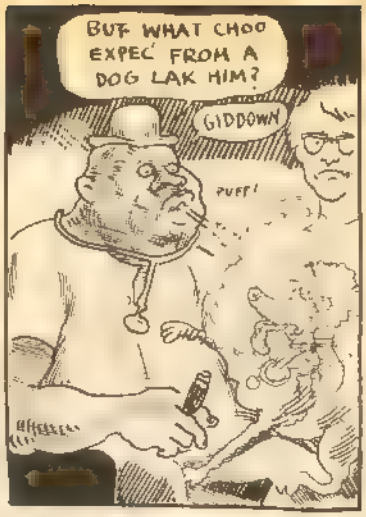
HE CAIN'T HE'P HOW HE LOOKS!

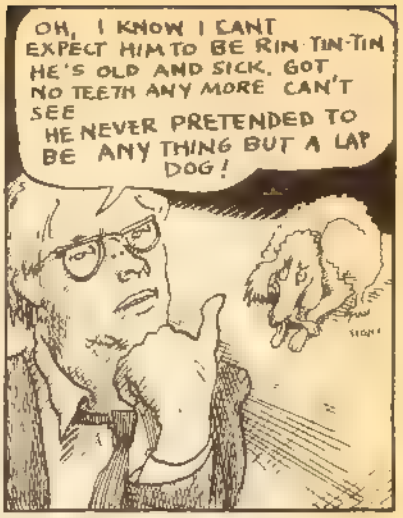
THAT'S NOT THE WORST PART!

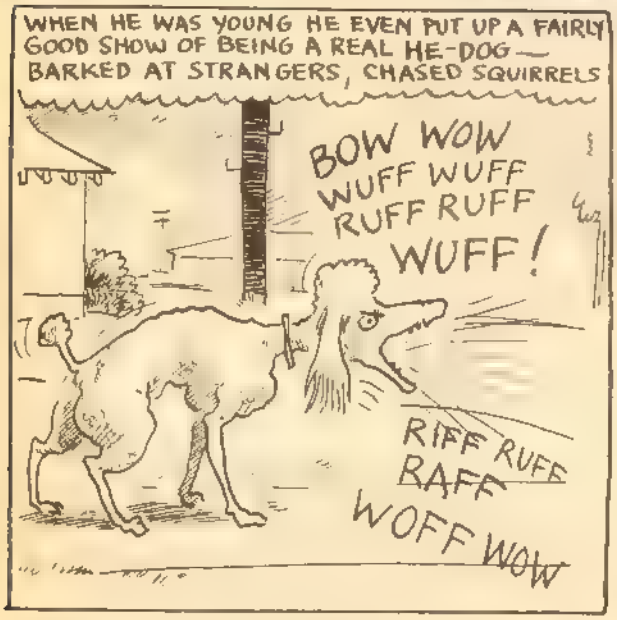
PAT PAT PAT!

FRAP!

DORMAN, I'SE GOTTA ADMIT DAT YO' DOG PING DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD!
YOU'RE A JERK PING!
NOR SMELL SO GOOD NEITHER!
SNUK!
PANT
HEAVE


BUT WHAT CHOO EXPEC' FROM A DOG LAK HIM?
GIDDOWN
PUFF!


OH, I KNOW I CANT EXPECT HIM TO BE RIN-TIN-TIN HE'S OLD AND SICK. GOT NO TEETH ANY MORE CAN'T SEE HE NEVER PRETENDED TO BE ANY THING BUT A LAP DOG!


WHEN HE WAS YOUNG HE EVEN PUT UP A FAIRLY GOOD SHOW OF BEING A REAL HE-DOG— BARKED AT STRANGERS, CHASED SQUIRRELS
BOW WOW WUFF WUFF RUFF RUFF WUFF!
RIFF RUFF RAFF WOFF WOW

AND HE WAS SO SAD WHEN I LEFT HIM BY HIMSELF...

...THAT I GOT HIM HIS VERY OWN CAT!
YEOW
THEY DIDN'T GET ALONG VERY WELL... AT FIRST.

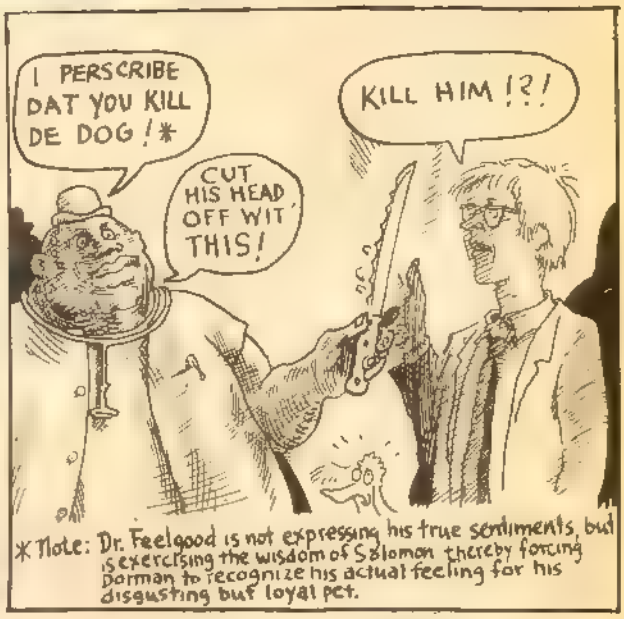
DID DEY FIN'LEY LOIN...?
BOY, DID THEY! HE'S... THEY'RE... I CAN'T SAY IT...
WULL WHISPERIT IT, DEN

BUZZ BUZZ BUZZ!
HE QUEER FOR CATS?
HAW! HAW!
DONT SAY IT!

SO, YOUR DOG, PING, HUNCHES CATS, DO HE?
YEH!
I HATE YOU PINGY-POO!

I DIDN'T KNOW DOGS DID DAT!
THEY WON'T HAVE ANYTHING TO DO WITH HIM ANYMORE, WITH HIS OLD BALD BUTT AND HIS BAD BREATH... BUT HE USED TO DO IT!
YOU CREEPY LITTLE RAT!

I HATE YOUR ROTTEN LITTLE FRUITY ASS!
NOW DAT I GOT DE SYMPTOMS OB DE CASE DIAGNOSED I GONE WRITE YOU OUT A PERSCRIPTION, MR, GRAMMIT.


I PERSCRIBE DAT YOU KILL DE DOG!*
CUT HIS HEAD OFF WIT THIS!
KILL HIM!?!
*Note: Dr. Feelgood is not expressing his true sentiments, but is exercising the wisdom of Solomon thereby forcing Dorman to recognize his actual feeling for his disgusting but loyal pet.

BUT... HE'S ALWAYS BEEN SUCH A SWEET DOGGIE...
THAT'S CRUEL!
OKAY!
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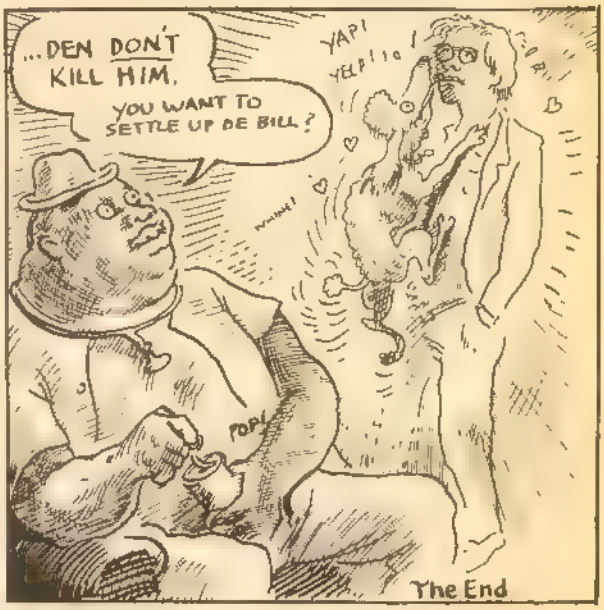
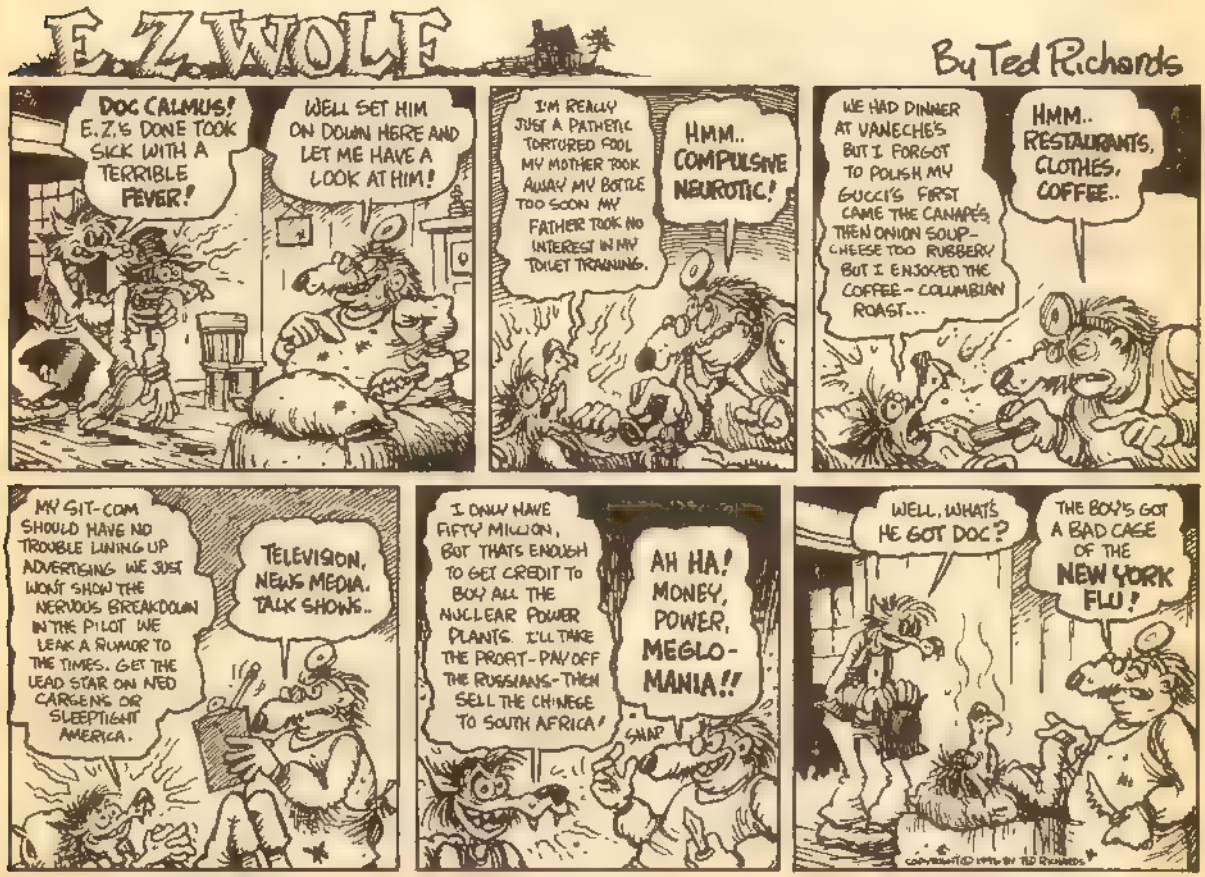

...DEN DON'T KILL HIM.
YOU WANT TO SETTLE UP DE BILL?
YAP!
YELP!!!
WHINE!
POP!
The End

E.Z. WOLF
SHERIFF ALABAMA AND THE HANGIN' TREE
By TED RICHARDS
WHAT'CHA DOIN' SHERIFF?
OH FIXIN' UP THE OL' HANGIN' TREE
THE HANGIN' TREE?! I THOUGHT IT HAD DONE OUTGROWN ITS USEFULNESS!
NAWD! IT LOOKS LIKE THE OL' TREE'S GONNA' BE BACK IN BUSINESS REAL SOON.
DANG-IT! THE TRAP'S ALL RUSTED UP!
WELL HERE. LET ME TAKE A LOOK. HMM. I THINK IT NEEDS SOME WEIGHT ON IT. STAND UP ON THE TRAP, SHERIFF, AND I'LL JIGGLE THE CATCH.
A'RIGHT.
AH. STILL STUCK. PUT THE ROPE AROUND YOUR NECK SO THE TENSION'LL BE THE SAME AS AN ACTUAL HANGIN'.
A'RIGHT.
NOW LET ME TRY TIGHTNIN' THIS BOLT, AND THEN I'LL..
SNAP!
TWANK!
I DON'T KNOW SHERIFF. I MEAN HOW ARE YOU SUPPOSED TO HAVE A HANGIN' WITH ALL THIS OLD FAULTY EQUIPMENT!!


E.Z. WOLF
By Ted Richards
DOC CALMUS! E.Z.'S DONE TOOK SICK WITH A TERRIBLE FEVER!
WELL SET HIM ON DOWN HERE AND LET ME HAVE A LOOK AT HIM!
I'M REALLY JUST A PATHETIC TORTURED FOOL. MY MOTHER TOOK AWAY MY BOTTLE TOO SOON. MY FATHER TOOK NO INTEREST IN MY TOILET TRAINING.
HMM.. COMPULSIVE NEUROTIC!
WE HAD DINNER AT VANECHE'S BUT I FORGOT TO POLISH MY GUCCI'S. FIRST CAME THE CANAPE'S, THEN ONION SOUP - CHEESE TOO RUBBERY BUT I ENJOYED THE COFFEE - COLUMBIAN ROAST...
HMM.. RESTAURANTS, CLOTHES, COFFEE..
MY SIT-COM SHOULD HAVE NO TROUBLE LINING UP ADVERTISING. WE JUST WON'T SHOW THE NERVOUS BREAKDOWN IN THE PILOT. WE LEAK A RUMOR TO THE TIMES. GET THE LEAD STAR ON NED CARGENS OR SLEEPTIGHT AMERICA.
TELEVISION, NEWS MEDIA, TALK SHOWS..
I ONLY HAVE FIFTY MILLION, BUT THAT'S ENOUGH TO GET CREDIT TO BUY ALL THE NUCLEAR POWER PLANTS. I'LL TAKE THE PROFIT - PAY OFF THE RUSSIANS - THEN SELL THE CHINESE TO SOUTH AFRICA!
AH HA! MONEY, POWER, MEGLO-MANIA!!
SNAP
WELL, WHAT'S HE GOT DOC?
THE BOY'S GOT A BAD CASE OF THE NEW YORK FLU!

E. Z. WOLF'S KANGAROO COURT

BY TED RICHARDS

IT'S A **BUSY DAY** FOR THE OL' **KANGAROO COURT.** WE'VE GOT A COUPLA' MADISON AVE. ADVERTISING TYPES WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE TWO **MOST** NAUSEATING COMMERCIALS ON T.V. AND SOME **SMALL FRY** GUILTY OF VARIOUS IRRITATING MISDEMEANORS.

TAUNT SLAVER LUST JEER! DROOL

STAND **STILL!** I DON'T WANNA SEE ANY **FLINCHIN'!**

HERE THEY ARE YO' HONOR! "**YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT.**" AND "**PLEASE DON'T SQUEEZE THE CHARMIN**"

I CAN'T STAND TO **HEAR IT ANY LONGER!!** Y'ALL IS **GUILTY!!**

PLEASE HAVE MERCY! THIS IS THE **FIRST** TIME I EVER DIALED TH' WRONG **NUMBER!**

LYNCH THE SONS O' BRITCHES!

DIE! DIE!

UH (SNIFF) WE WE'RE JUST DOIN' OUR **JOB** YOOR HONOR!

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WHAT SHOULD WE **DO** WITH 'EM YO' HONOR?

THESE TWO ARE TO WRITE ON A BLACKBOARD **5 MILLION TIMES** EACH," YOU ASKED FOR IT; YOU GOT IT." AND "PLEASE DON'T SQUEEZE THE CHARMIN."

AND APPEAL IS **DENIED!** FETCH TH' BLACKBOARD RIGHT **NOW!** ALSO GET ME MR. WIPPLE, HE'S JUST AS **GUILTY!**

YO' HONOR.. HERE'S A "NICKLE 'N' DIMER" WHO OWES **7,582** PEOPLE A GRAND TOTAL OF **$3,285,675.36!**

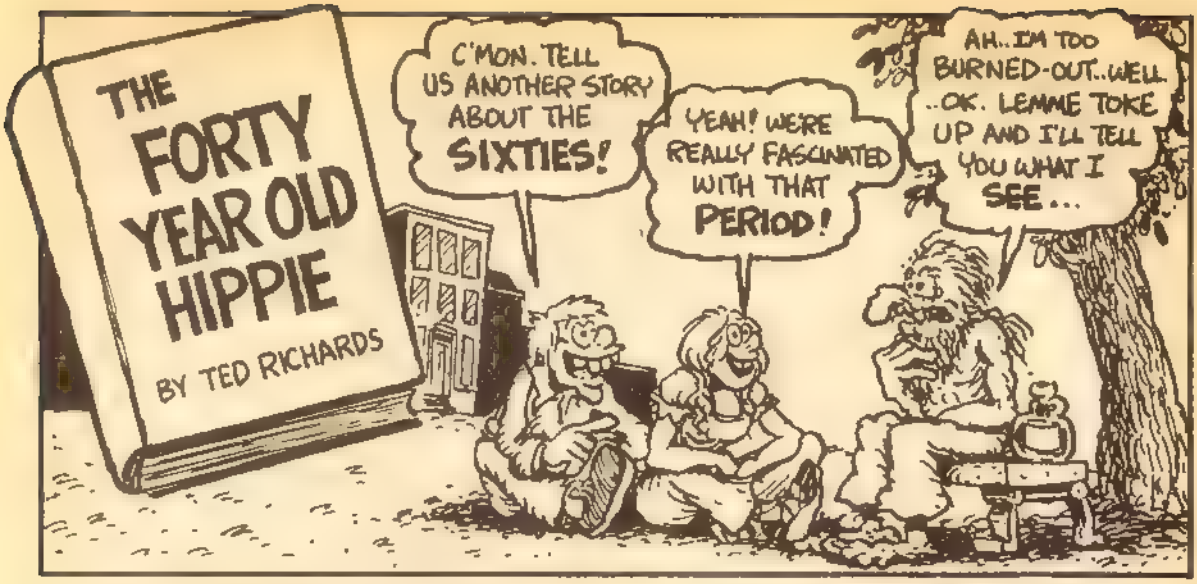
GUILTY! HE'S TO PAY IT ALL BACK JUST LIKE HE BORROWED IT... IN **NICKLES** AND **DIMES!**

GOT A DIME SO I CAN CALL MY LAWYER?

BAM!

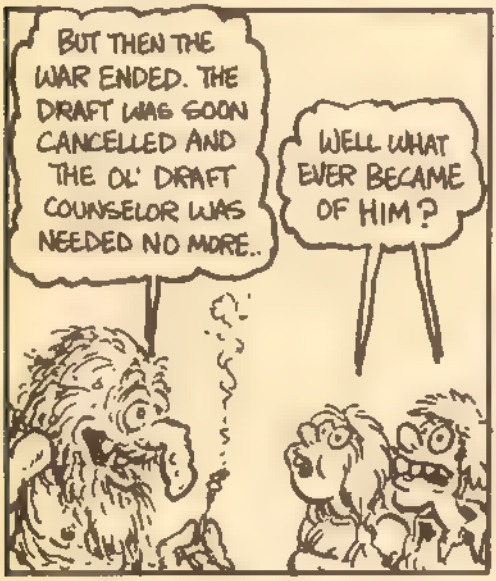
THANX AND A WHACK OF THE GAVEL FOR:
JUSTIN GREEN
S.F., CALIF.

READERS! SEE JUSTICE METED OUT TO YOUR FAVORITE SOCIAL OFFENDER! SEND YOUR COMPLAINT TO: KANGAROO COURT, C/O RIP OFF PRESS, P.O. BOX 14158 S.F., CALIF. 94114.


THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE
BY TED RICHARDS
C'MON. TELL US ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE SIXTIES!
YEAH! WE'RE REALLY FASCINATED WITH THAT PERIOD!
AH.. I'M TOO BURNED-OUT.. WELL.. OK. LEMME TOKE UP AND I'LL TELL YOU WHAT I SEE...

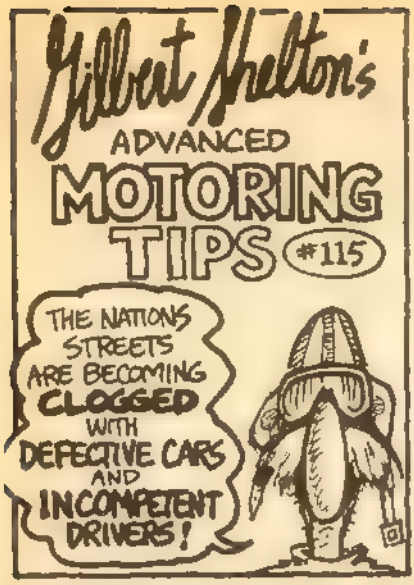
AHH.. THAT'S BETTER!. HMM. I SEE THE DRAFT COUNSELOR. YOU COULD FIND HIS OFFICE LISTED IN THE OLD UNDERGROUND PAPERS.
DRAFT

HE WOULD COUNSEL HUNDREDS OF DESPERATE YOUNG GUYS EACH MONTH AND HE NEVER ASKED A PENNY FROM NONE OF 'EM.
LOOK. I THINK THE BEST BET IN YOUR CASE IS TO DROP SOME L.S.D. THEN TRY KISSING THE SHRINK!
YEAH! HEY THANKS A LOT BROTHER!
GENERAL HERSHEY WITH ALMONDS

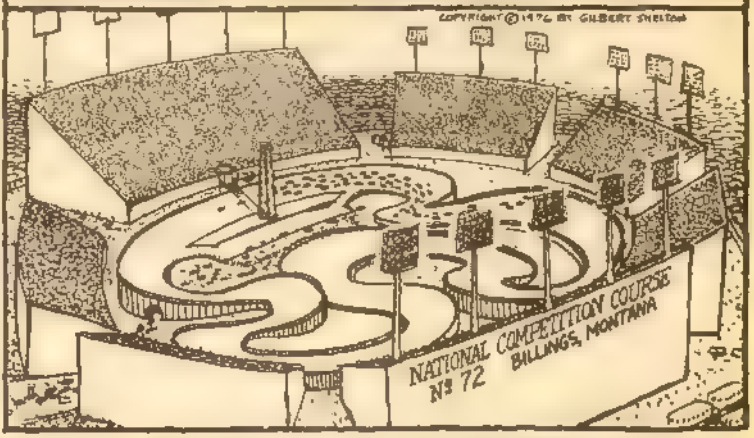

BUT THEN THE WAR ENDED. THE DRAFT WAS SOON CANCELLED AND THE OL' DRAFT COUNSELOR WAS NEEDED NO MORE..
WELL WHAT EVER BECAME OF HIM?

I DON'T KNOW. AIN'T SEEN HIM AROUND FOR SOME TIME NOW...
STOP

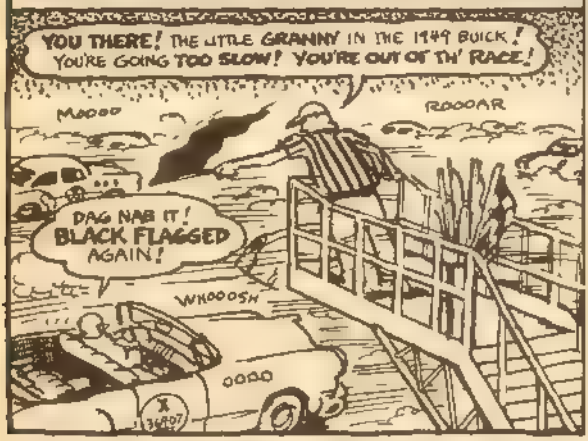
Gilbert Shelton's ADVANCED MOTORING TIPS #115



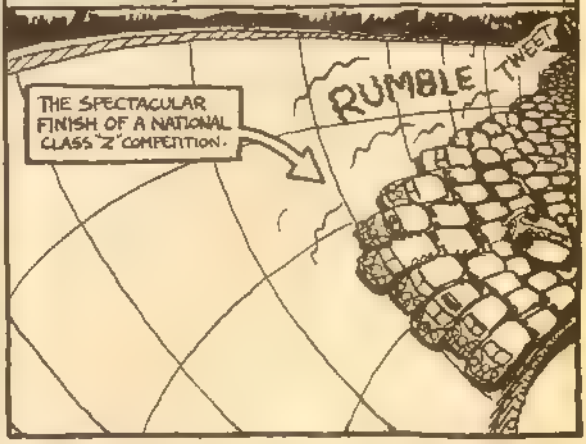
I PROPOSE TO REMEDY THE SITUATION WITH **ONE BOLD PLAN:** A **NATIONAL RACING COMPETITION** TO WEED OUT THE **MISFITS!** IN ORDER TO RETAIN A DRIVERS LICENSE, EVERYONE WOULD BE REQUIRED TO **COMPETE** ONCE A YEAR AT ONE OF MANY CONVENIENTLY LOCATED **RACETRACKS** THROUGHOUT THE LAND.



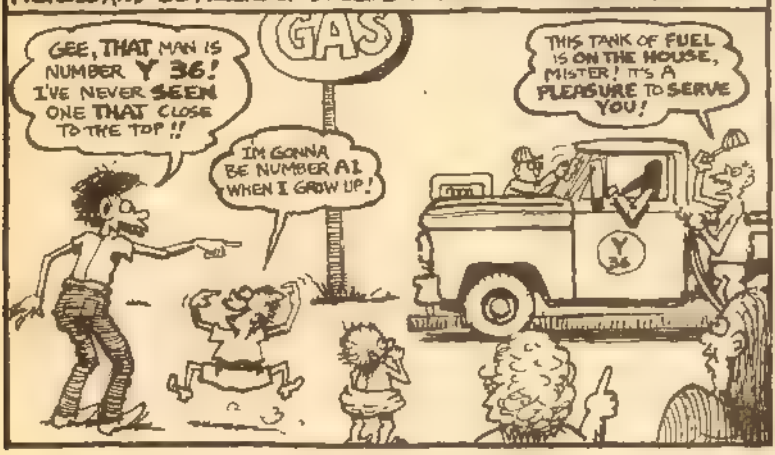
A DRIVER NEED NOT **WIN** A RACE TO EARN HIS LICENSE, BUT HE MUST EITHER FINISH THE MINIMUM NUMBER OF LAPS FOR A COMPLETE RACE, OR SURVIVE A SPECTACULAR **CRASH** THAT WAS NOT HIS OWN FAULT. CAR FAILURE FLUNKS YOU.

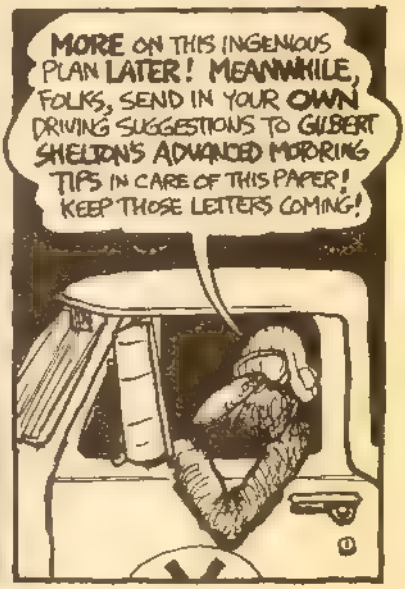


FOR FAIRNESS, DRIVERS ARE REQUIRED ONLY TO RACE AGAINST OTHER CARS OF APPROXIMATELY THE **SAME SPEED.** EACH CAR IS ASSIGNED A NUMBER WHICH SIGNIFIES ITS **RANK** NATIONALLY IN ITS CLASS, FROM A (UNLIMITED) TO Z (VW VANS)



THOSE WHOSE CARS **BREAK DOWN** DURING A RACE ARE AUTOMATICALLY **SUSPENDED** UNTIL THE **NEXT RACE,** WHICH IS ONE MONTH AWAY. THE DRIVER WILL USE THIS MONTH TO WORK ON HIS CAR. THE TOP 1,000 NUMBERS IN EACH CLASS SHALL BE DEEMED **NATIONAL HEROES** AND BE ACCORDED SPECIAL PRIVILEGES WHEREVER THEY ROAM.





DOPIN' DAN AND THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER

By TED RICHARDS

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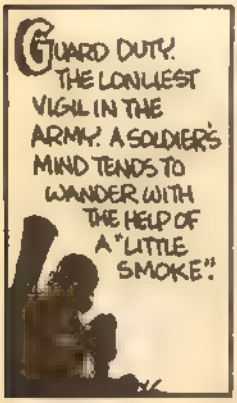
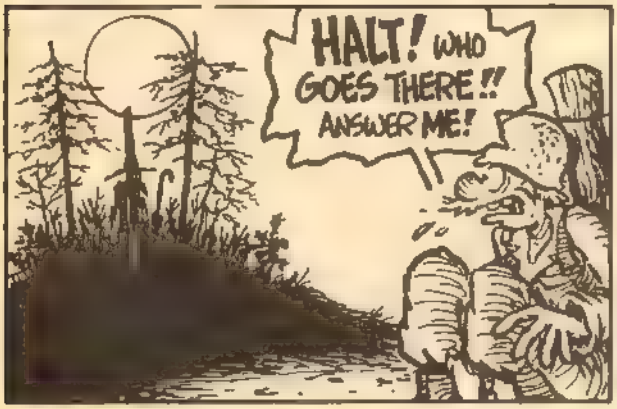
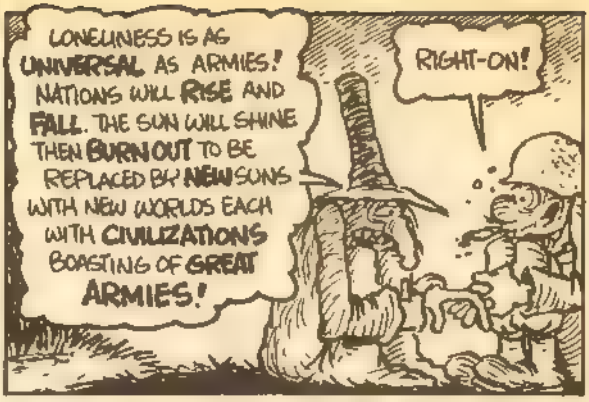
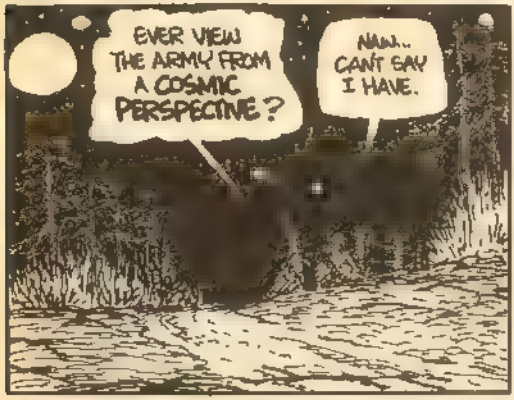




RELAX... HERE. HAVE SOME OF THE FINEST SMOKE IN THE WORLD!
UHH. SURE! YOU'RE RIGHT. IT DOES GET KIND OF LONELY OUT HERE.


LONELINESS IS AS UNIVERSAL AS ARMIES! NATIONS WILL RISE AND FALL. THE SUN WILL SHINE THEN BURN OUT TO BE REPLACED BY NEW SUNS WITH NEW WORLDS EACH WITH CIVILIZATIONS BOASTING OF GREAT ARMIES!
RIGHT-ON!

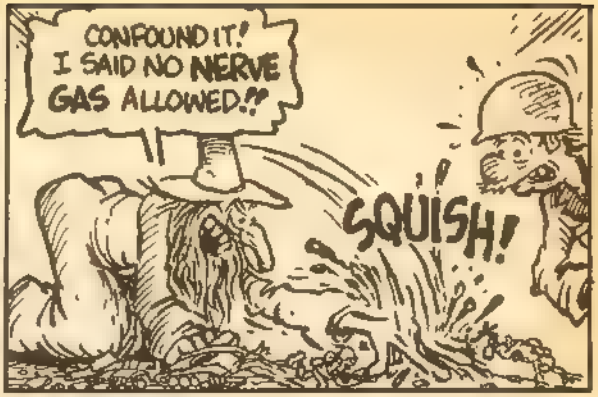

EVER VIEW THE ARMY FROM A COSMIC PERSPECTIVE?
NAW... CAN'T SAY I HAVE.

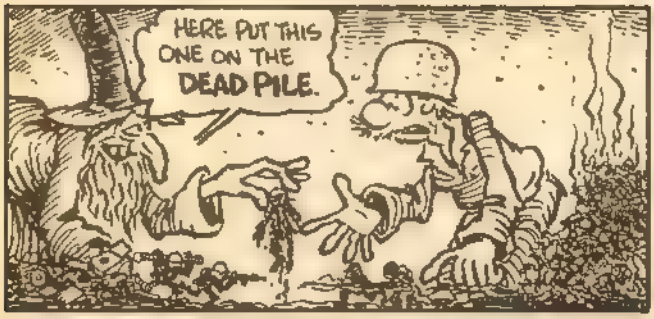
YOU SEE; YOU'RE JUST ONE SOLDIER OUT OF THOUSANDS IN THIS ONE ARMY, AND YOUR JOB IS TO CONQUER AND ANNIHILATE THIS OTHER ARMY.

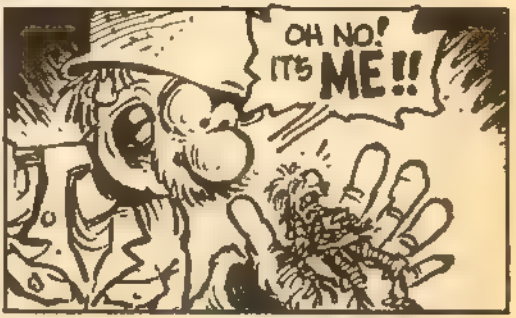
O.K. NOW LET'S ADD A COUPLE OF ARTILLARY PIECES AND A BUNCH OF TANKS... A FORT... SOME HILLS...

...THERE! NOW WE'LL ALLOW THEM TO SEE ONE ANOTHER AND PRESTO! WE HAVE A BATTLE!!

NOW LOOK AT THAT! THEY HAVEN'T BEEN FIGHTING FOR MORE THAN TWO MINUTES AND ALREADY THERES A BIG MESS!

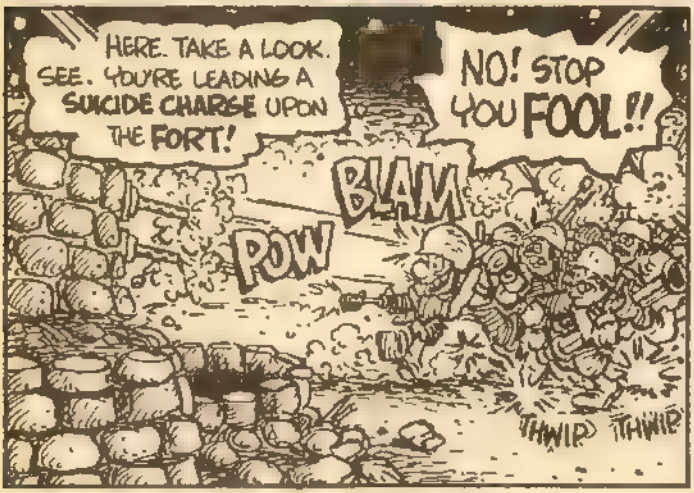

CONFOUND IT! I SAID NO NERVE GAS ALLOWED!!
SQUISH!


HERE PUT THIS ONE ON THE DEAD PILE.


OH NO! IT'S ME!!

STOP! STOP! LOOK! IT'S ME! I'VE BEEN KILLED!

HMMM...NOO. IT'S ONLY YOUR COUNTERPART. YOU'RE STILL FIGHTING FOR THE OTHER ARMY!
I AM!?


HERE. TAKE A LOOK. SEE. YOU'RE LEADING A SUICIDE CHARGE UPON THE FORT!
NO! STOP YOU FOOL!!
BLAM
POW
THWIP THWIP

WHOOPS! HIDDEN MACHINE GUN NEST!!
OH NO!
BUDDA BUDDA BOOT

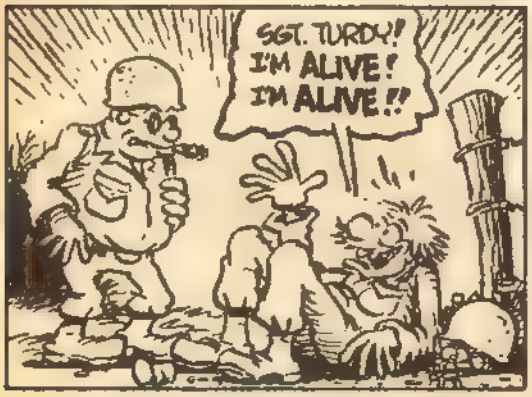
NO. WAIT! LOOK! I'M ONLY WOUNDED! I'LL LIVE!
MOAN
LET ME HAVE A LOOK.

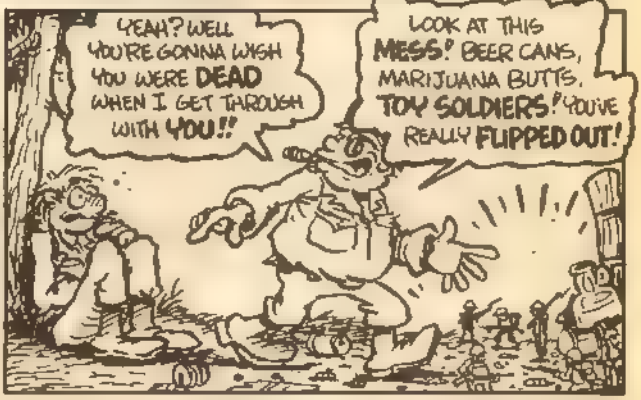
NO... I'M AFRAID YOUR WOUNDS ARE MORTAL. I MIGHT AS WELL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
AH AH NO! AHHCK!
SQUIT

DAWN. SGT. TURDY ALIGHTS FROM THE TRUCK THAT TOLLS THE END OF THE NIGHT'S VIGIL.

IT'S GETTING WORSE. THIS IS THE FIRST TIME HE'S SLEPT THROUGH THE ENTIRE NIGHT!

COCK-A-DOODLE DOOOO MEATHEAD!!
PUNT


SGT. TURDY! I'M ALIVE! I'M ALIVE!!


YEAH? WELL YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU WERE DEAD WHEN I GET THROUGH WITH YOU!!
LOOK AT THIS MESS! BEER CANS, MARIJUANA BUTTS, TOY SOLDIERS! YOU'VE REALLY FLIPPED OUT!

THIRTY DAYS IN THE GUARDHOUSE SHOULD BE LONG ENOUGH FOR YOU TO COME DOWN!!

HMMM.... THESE TOY SOLDIERS DO LOOK PRETTY GOOD! MAYBE MY KIDS WOULD LIKE 'EM.

HUH!?
TURDY

Griffith Observatory

The ANAL RETENTIVES

THESE CHARACTERS DISGUISE THEIR REAL INTENT BY GOING UNDER THE NAME "COLLECTORS"—

SUPPER'S READY, KEVIN!

JUST A MINUTE, MA—I CAN'T DECIDE IF AL HOPKINS AND HIS BUCKLE BUSTERS IS AN "H" OR A "B"—

THIS GUY'S GOT IT BAD. NOT ONLY DOES HE HAVE HIS ENTIRE RECORD COLLECTION ALPHABETIZED, BUT EVERY ONE HAS IT'S OWN COLOR-CODED PLASTIC NAME TAG FOR "QUICK & EASY REFERENCE"

CLASSIC "A.R." POSITION

©1977 BILL GRIFFITH

EVEN FURTHER GONE IS THE COMIC BOOK HOARDER WHO HASN'T READ A SINGLE TITLE HE OWNS.. HIS OBSESSION IS WITH COMPLETED SETS AND PROTECTING HIS NEWSPRINT TREASURES FROM INEVITABLE YELLOWING.

A MUST-HAVE, DOUBLE-BAG ITEM !!

A MINT CONDITION MIGHTY MOUSE IN 3-D . . .

AND THOSE WHO SAVOR ESCAPE INTO THE NEVER-NEVER LAND OF ART DECO FURNISHINGS AND QUAINT STATUARY RECEIVE THE ADDED THRILL OF LIVING AMONG THEIR FABULOUS FINDS — WELL, ALMOST..

WHAT'S GOT LANCE SO SUICIDAL ?

YOU'D BE TOO IF YOU JUST FOUND A HAIRLINE CRACK IN A KEWPIE DOLL YOU PAID $150.00 FOR —

AT LEAST HE HAS HIS FIESTA WARE.

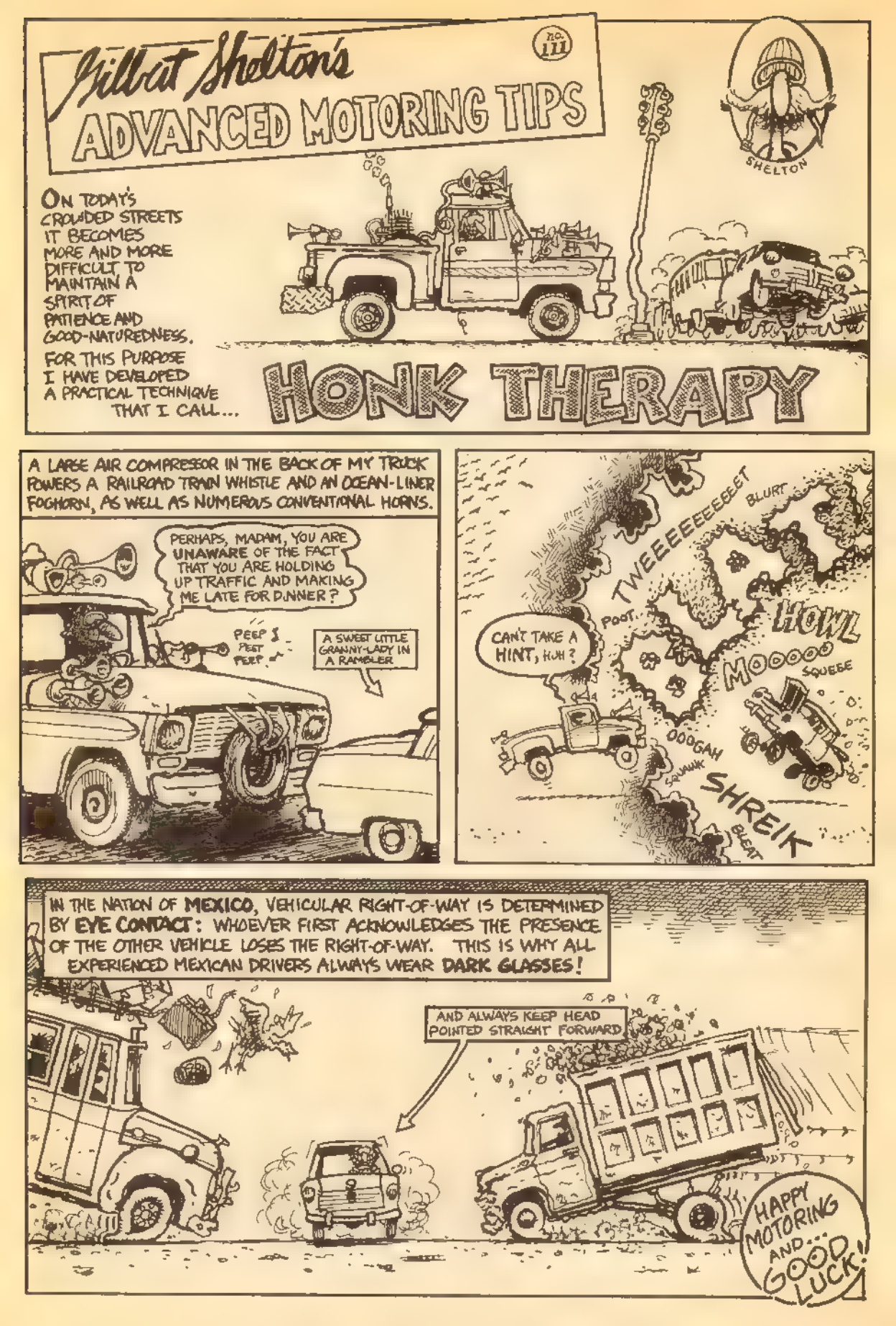
'SCUSE ME . HAVE YOU GONE THROUGH THAT PILE YET?

UM NO, BUT I'M ABOUT TO.. WHY DON'T YOU GO CHECK YOUR PARKING METER ?

POSTCARD COLLECTORS ARE A BREED APART. THESE "DELTOMANIACS" (THEIR OWN TERM) TAKE GREAT PLEASURE IN ARRANGING & RE ARRANGING SCENES OF VOLCANOS OR MOTELS IN THICK, MYLAR-POCKETED ALBUMS... PINCHPENNIES AT HEART, THEY DELIGHT IN RUMMAGING THROUGH THE "TEN CENT BOX" FOR PICS OF DARK TUNNELS AND CUTE BEARS —

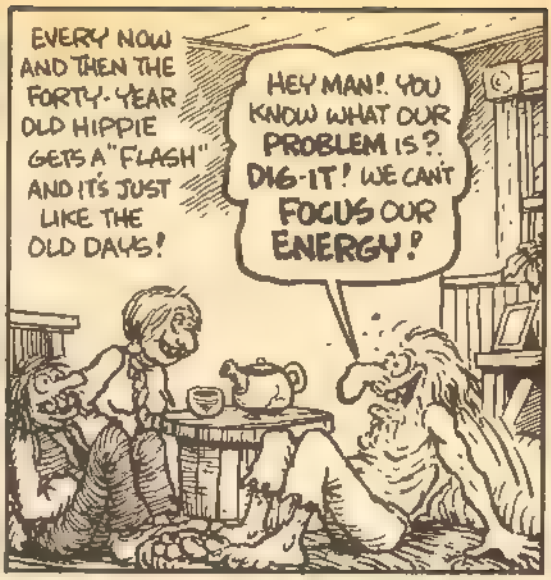
WEIRDEST OF ALL ARE THE BARBED WIRE FANS.. YES, THEY ACTUALLY COLLECT THE STUFF, LOOKING FOR "UNUSUAL KNOTS". SICK, AREN'T THEY ??

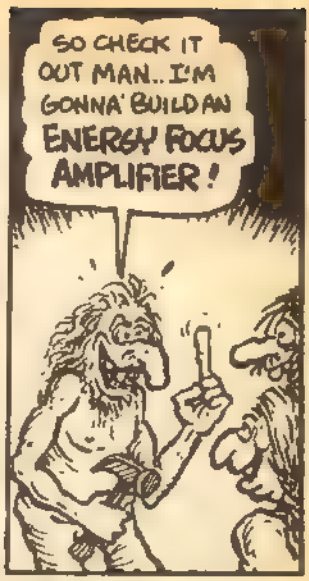
AUTHOR'S NOTE ANYBODY OUT THERE WITH ANY CONEY ISLAND ("LINEN") POSTCARDS, CONTACT ME!! BOX 40474 S.F. Cal 94140


Gilbert Shelton's
No. 111
ADVANCED MOTORING TIPS
SHELTON
ON TODAY'S CROWDED STREETS IT BECOMES MORE AND MORE DIFFICULT TO MAINTAIN A SPIRIT OF PATIENCE AND GOOD-NATUREDNESS.
FOR THIS PURPOSE I HAVE DEVELOPED A PRACTICAL TECHNIQUE THAT I CALL...
HONK THERAPY
A LARGE AIR COMPRESSOR IN THE BACK OF MY TRUCK POWERS A RAILROAD TRAIN WHISTLE AND AN OCEAN-LINER FOGHORN, AS WELL AS NUMEROUS CONVENTIONAL HORNS.
PERHAPS, MADAM, YOU ARE UNAWARE OF THE FACT THAT YOU ARE HOLDING UP TRAFFIC AND MAKING ME LATE FOR DINNER?
PEEP PEET PEEP
A SWEET LITTLE GRANNY-LADY IN A RAMBLER
TWEEEEEEEEEET
BLURT
POOT
HOWL
CAN'T TAKE A HINT, HUH?
MOOOOO
SQUEEE
OOOGAH
SQUAWK
SHREIK
BLEAT
IN THE NATION OF MEXICO, VEHICULAR RIGHT-OF-WAY IS DETERMINED BY EYE CONTACT: WHOEVER FIRST ACKNOWLEDGES THE PRESENCE OF THE OTHER VEHICLE LOSES THE RIGHT-OF-WAY. THIS IS WHY ALL EXPERIENCED MEXICAN DRIVERS ALWAYS WEAR DARK GLASSES!
AND ALWAYS KEEP HEAD POINTED STRAIGHT FORWARD
HAPPY MOTORING AND... GOOD LUCK!

THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS





SEND 25¢ FOR EASY TO FOLLOW ENERGY FOCUS AMPLIFIER PLANS AND ALSO RECEIVE A FREE COMICS CATALOG TO: ENERGY C/O RIP OFF PRESS, P.O. BOX 14158, S.F., CALIF. 94114

Grace and Grease

©'77 JUSTIN GREEN

ONE OF THE GREATEST RAGS-TO-RICHES TALES IN THE ENTIRE HISTORY OF FREE ENTERPRISE IS THE AMAZING SUCCESS STORY OF COLONEL SONDER'S CHICKEN. ONCE AN ITINERANT CHEF WHO WENT FROM TOWN TO TOWN LIKE A CARNY-BARKER WITH HIS MAGIC RECIPE, HE NOW MUST ASSUME THE POSTURE OF A WALL ST. FINANCIER IN ORDER TO RECEIVE THE THRONGS WHO GRAVITATE TO HIS CONSIDERABLE WEALTH.

WHAT CAN AH DO FO' YOU, REV'RUN?

IT'S WHAT I CAN DO FOR YOU, SIR, AND WHAT YOU CAN DO FOR THE ALMIGHTY GOD!!

Field & Stream

DO YOU REALIZE THAT A MILLION PEOPLE GET YOUR CHICKEN DAILY AND YET A VERY SMALL PERCENTAGE SAY A PROPER BLESSING BEFORE THEY COMMENCE EATING?!

MOS' UNFO'CHOO-NUT!

AT A NOMINAL COST TO YOUR ORGINIZATION YOU COULD PACK A BLESSING ALONG WITH EACH MEAL-BOX SO PEOPLE WOULD BE REMINDED THAT THEIR FOOD COMES FROM "ON HIGH!"

YEK YEK IT SURE DON' GROW ON TREES!

AHEM AH REGRET TO SAY I MUS' REEE-JECT YO' PROPO'JUL FO' VER' GOOD REEE-ZUNS, SAH!

NUMBAH 1 IF'N TH' GRACE WUZ PACKED IN WITH THE CHICKEN ITSELF, IT WOULD SHU'LY GET ALL COVUH'D WITH GREASE!! IN MAH HUMBLE OPINION, REV'RUN, A PRAYER THAT GETS GREASY IS LAHK A FLAG WHAT HAS BIN SOILED!

UN-HUNH.

AN' NUMBAH 2 MY PRODUCT IS SO GOSH-DARN DEEE-LISHUS THAT MOS' FOLKS JUS' DIG RIGHT IN WITHOUT NO NAPKIN NOR SILVERWARE. SO--

IF'N I PACKED IT IN WITH THE PLASTIC TOWELETTE, IT WOULDN'T GET READ TILL AFTER THE MEAL!

DROP BY A'GIN, HEAH?

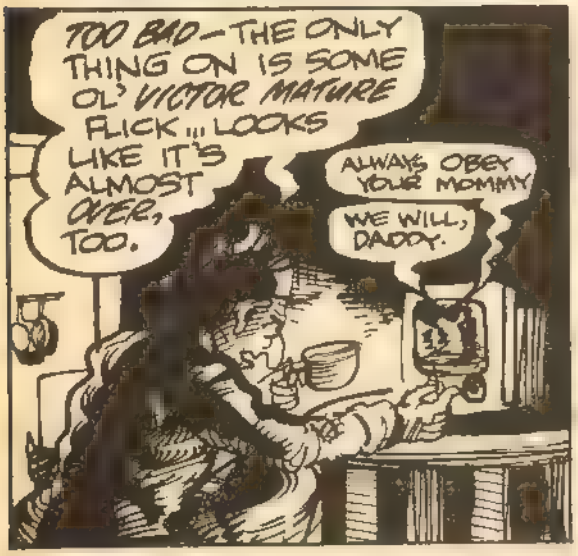
THE COLONEL DIDN'T GET TO BE A RICH MAN JUST BY SLAPPING THE BATTER AROUND, READER.

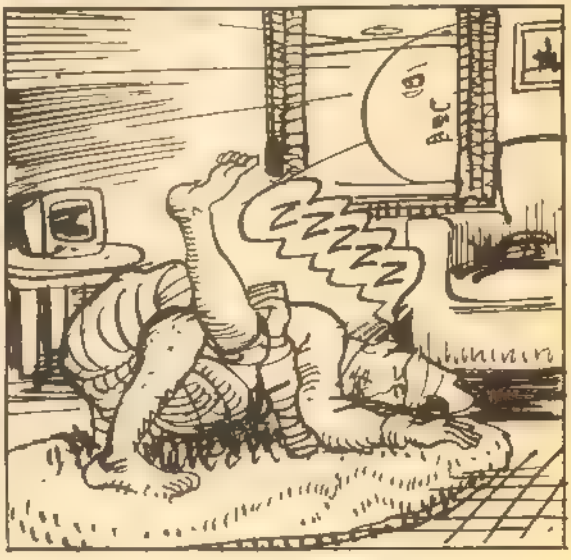
THE FORTY-YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS

PRE-DAWN ANTICS

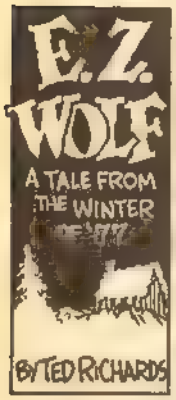
©'77 JUSTIN GREEN

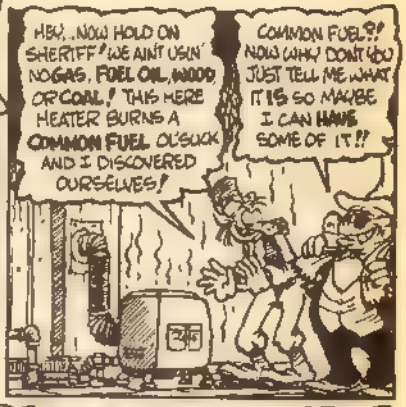


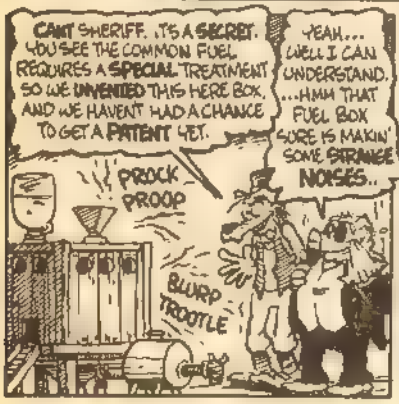


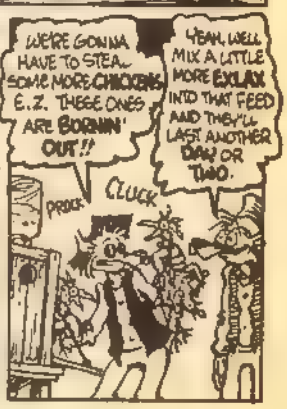
E.Z. WOLF

By Ted Richards









THE FORTY YEAR OLD HIPPIE

BY TED RICHARDS

THE FORTY-YEAR-OLD HIPPIE IS ABOUT TO BABYSIT HIS HOUSEMATE'S 2½-YEAR-OLD TODDLER KNOWN AS CHILD PERSON.

... AND SHOULD CHILD PERSON'S BEHAVIOR CONFLICT WITH YOOR **FREEDOM** IT'S **NOT** TO BE ENCOUNTERED WITH ANY **VIOLENCE**. THERE'S ALWAYS ANOTHER WAY!

I KIN DIG IT!

EXACTLY ONE HOUR LATER

CHILD PERSON! LISTEN TO **ME!!** YOUR **BITING** IS **HURTING ME!** YOU DONT WANT TO **HURT ME DO YOU!!**

CHILD PERSON. GASP.. ACK... (I GOTTA THINK OF SOMETHIN'..) **I GOT IT!**

THE POTTY MONSTER WILL BITE YOU, CHILD PERSON!

NUH? POTTY MONTHTER?

YEAH. THE **POTTY MONSTER!** IT CAN SEE YOU **BITING** AND IT WILL COME AN' GET YOU AN' TAKE YOU AWAY TO **POO POO LAND!**

POO POO LAN'?

YEAH! AND THEN THE **POO POOS** WILL DANCE AROUND CHILD PERSON, THEN THEY WILL ALL **BITE** CHILD PERSON!

BITE CHILE PERTHON?

A FEW HOURS LATER CHILD PERSON'S MOTHER RETURNS

OH.. HE.. ER "IT" WAS A LITTLE FREAKED OUT AFTER YOU LEFT BUT I TOLD IT A **STORY** AND IT **COOLED OUT.**

THAT'S GOOD.. **CHILD PERSON!**

LESLIE!*

*THE NAME OF CHILD PERSON'S MOTHER

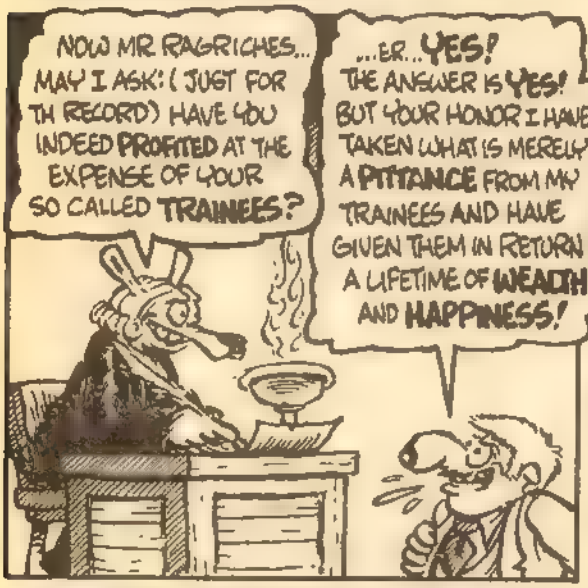
POO POO BITE!

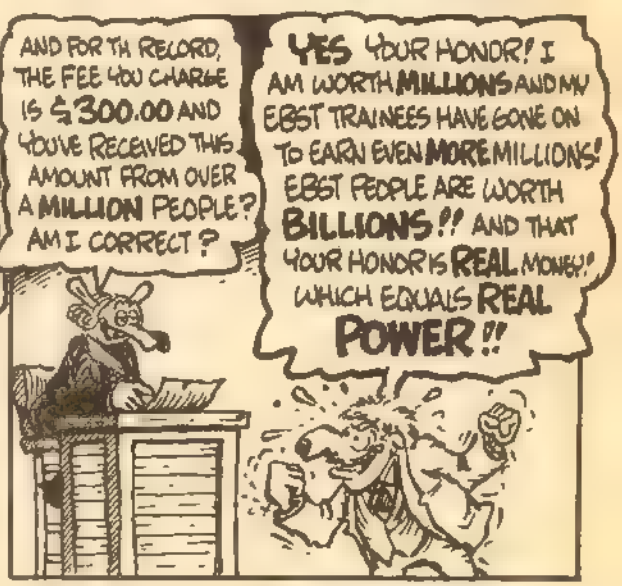
BLORP

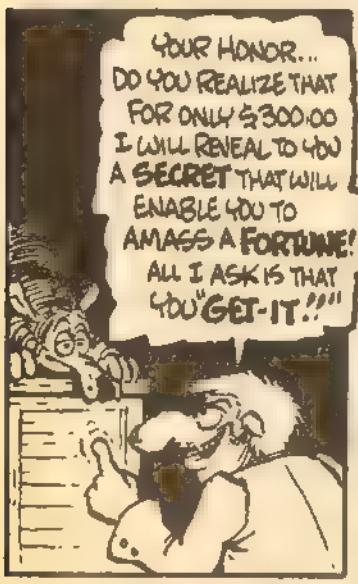
LEAP

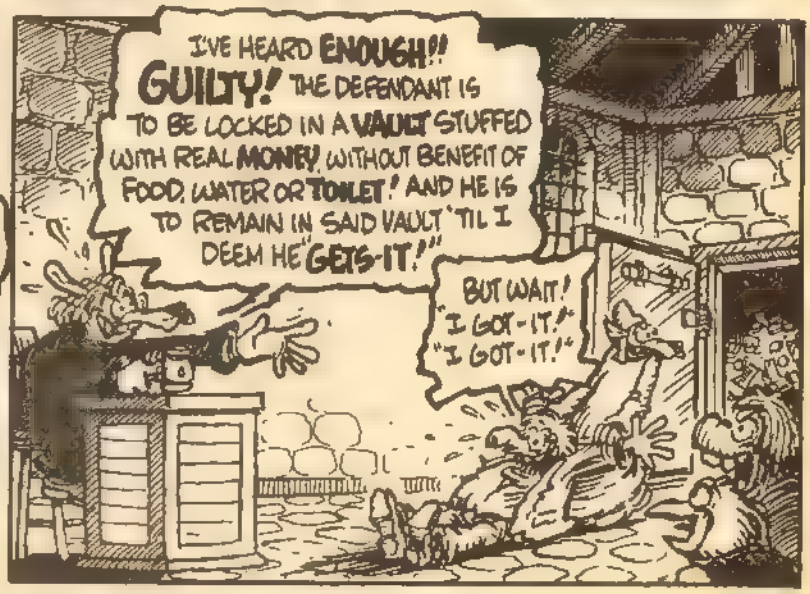
E. Z. WOLE'S KANGAROO COURT

BY TED RICHARDS



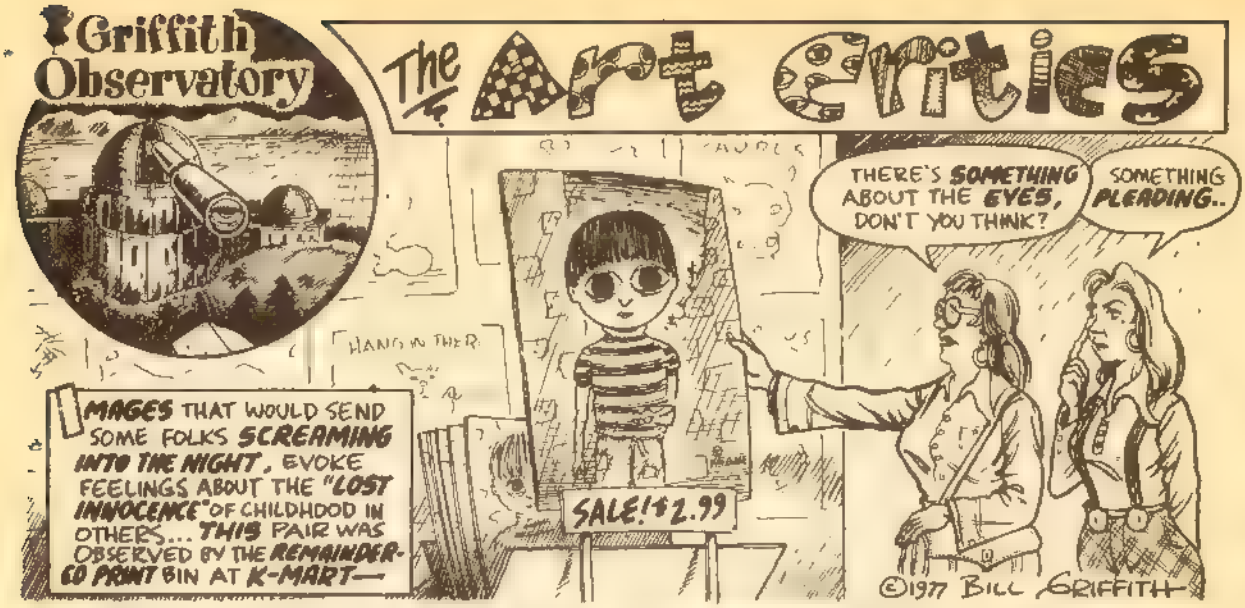


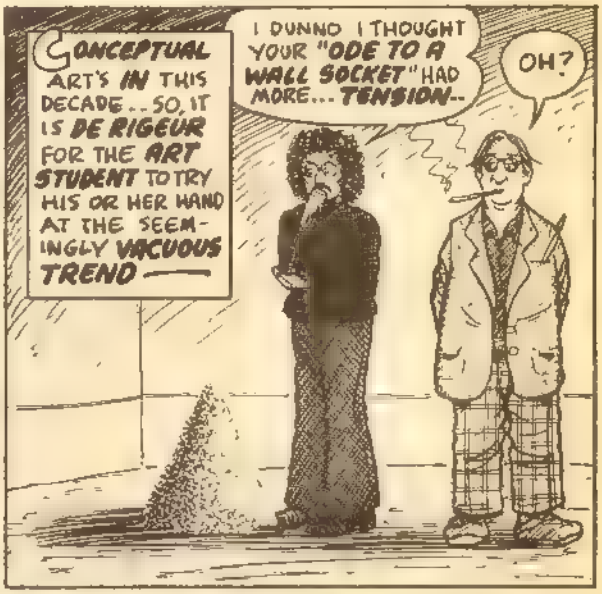


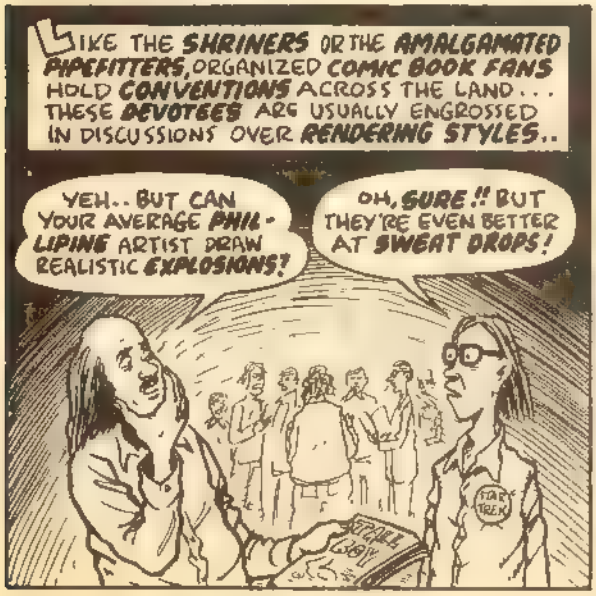


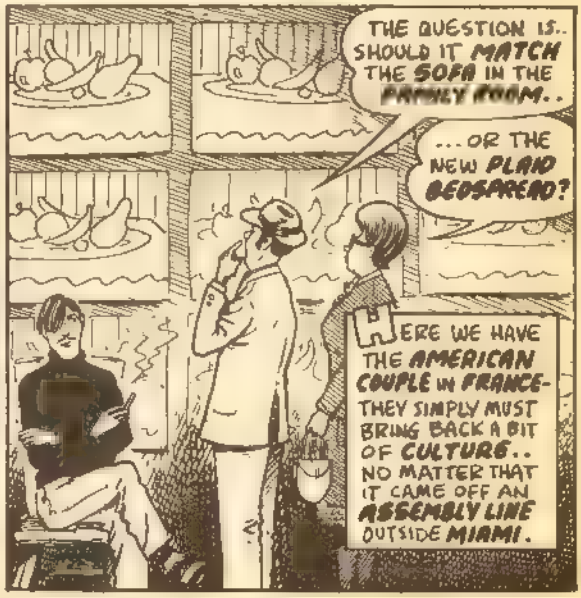
Griffith Observatory

The Art Critics









NERDS

THE NERDS, STRANDED ON EARTH SINCE THE CRASH OF THEIR SPACE-CAMPER, FIND LIFE ON THE THIRD PLANET A BIT "DOWN IN THE DUMPS"...

I'M TIRED OF EATING OUT OF GARBAGE HEAPS! IT'S UNDIGNIFIED!

I'M GONNA GET ME SOME OF THAT WELFARE!

SEVERAL HOURS OF SHOPLIFTING LATER

I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR WELFARE, PLEASE

LET'S SEE SOME I.D.

WHAT'S AN I.D.?

YOU MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF IDENTIFICATION TO RECEIVE PUBLIC ASSISTANCE!

A DRIVER'S LICENSE WOULD DO.

I'D LIKE TO APPLY FOR A DRIVERS LICENSE.

DRIVERS

O.K., FILL THIS OUT

I DON'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE

DON'T KNOW HOW TO WRITE?!

YOU'LL HAVE TO LEARN BEFORE WE CAN ISSUE YOU A LICENSE.

TRY TAKING A COURSE AT THE COLLEGE.

WRITING? WE HAVE A NIGHT CLASS IN CREATIVE WRITING ONLY $300 A SEMESTER

ADMISSIONS

WELL, WHAT DID YOU GET FROM WELFARE?

HOMESICK!

DO YOU REALIZE THAT WE'RE STRANDED ON THIS PLANET! FOR GOOD!!

WELL, I TOLD YOU NOT TO BUY A USED SPACE CAMPER!

HERE WE ARE, THEIR FIRST VISITORS FROM OUTER SPACE, AND THESE HUMANS TREAT US LIKE TERMITES!

ARE YOU FORGETTING WHO DUMPED 9200 TONS OF SPACE JUNK ON ONE OF THEIR BUSIEST INTERSECTIONS?

WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

LET'S ASK OLD NERD!

HEY! OLD NERD! WAKE UP!

GET OUT YOUR CRYSTAL BALL!

Cough, Hack! Wheeze! ACKWAH! LET US GAZE INTO THE BALL... SEE! I SEE MANY THINGS! I SEE NERDS. NERDS LIVING IN LUXURY. NERDS ROMPING HAPPILY THRU FIELDS OF GRAPES AND BANANAS. NERDS LIVING IN PENTHOUSES AND DRIVING LARGE ROLLS-ROYCES... NERDS EATING IN THE BEST RESTAU

THAT'S GREAT OLD NERD BUT WE NEED SOME ANSWERS!

FOR INSTANCE, WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?

!

ANSWERS, EH! WELL, UM, A CLOUD! YES, A GREAT BLANKETING CLOUD SWEEPING DOWN ON HUMANITY! GREAT SWARMS... MASSIVE... HERDS OF NERDS! MILLIONS OF THEM!!

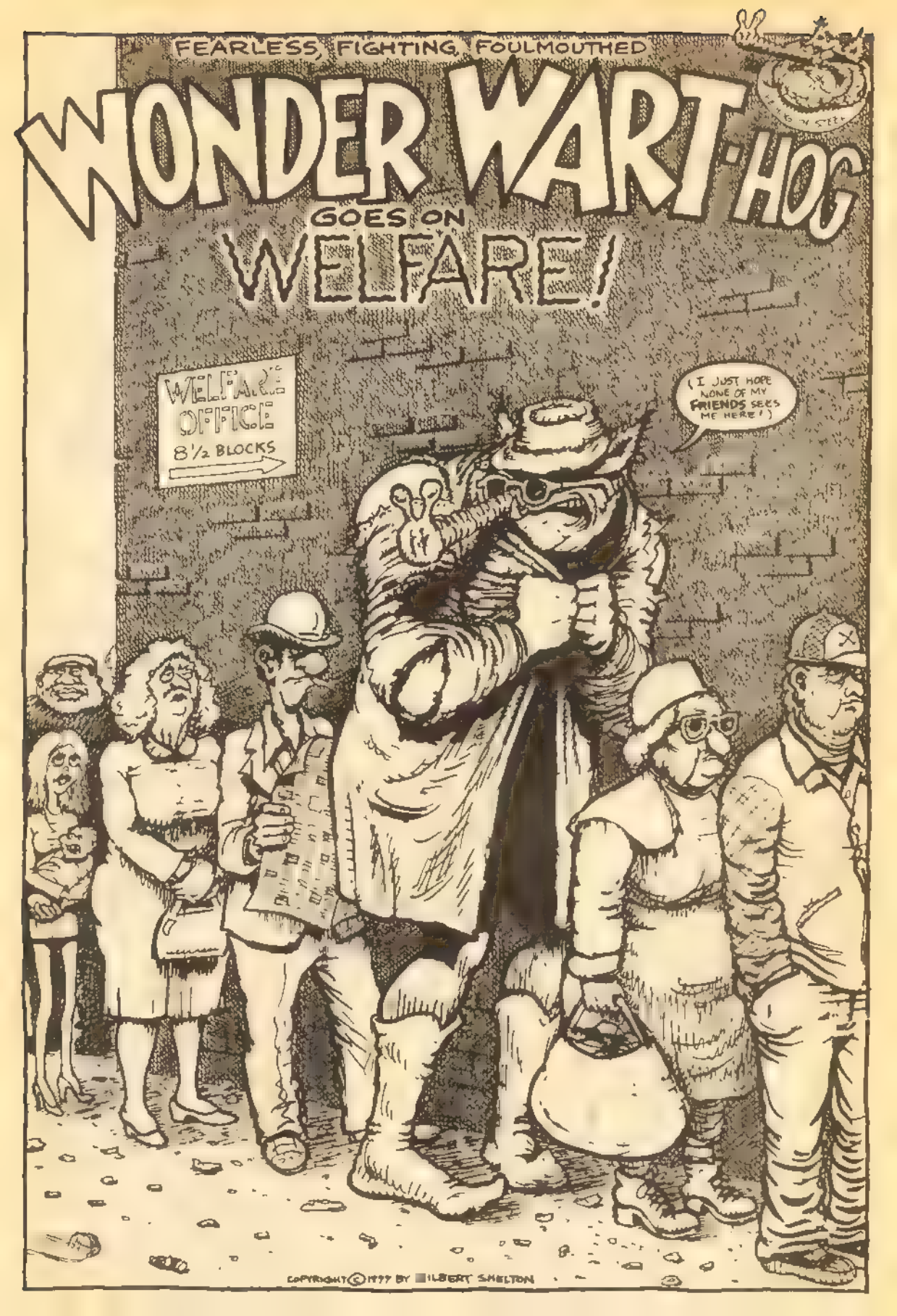
GO, MY CHILDREN, GO AND MULTIPLY! MULTIPLY!!

YAHOO!

(WOOSE!)

WOW! LOOK AT EM GO AT IT, OLD NERD!

YEAH, THAT ONE ALWAYS SHOWS ON UP!


FEARLESS, FIGHTING, FOULMOUTHED
WONDER WART-HOG
GOES ON
WELFARE!
WELFARE OFFICE
8 1/2 BLOCKS
(I JUST HOPE NONE OF MY FRIENDS SEES ME HERE!)
COPYRIGHT © 1977 BY GILBERT SHELTON

IT'S **PAYDAY** IN THE TOWERING OFFICES OF THE MUTHALODE MORNING MYOPIC, AS EIGHTH ASSISTANT GOSSIP EDITOR **PHILBERT DESANEX** (MILD-MANNERED ALTER IDENTITY OF **WONDER WART-HOG**) LINES UP FOR HIS WEEKLY CHECK.

THERE'S A **NOTE** IN MY ENVELOPE!

IT MUST BE A NOTE OF **CONGRATULATIONS** FOR MY COVERAGE OF THE **LAWNMOWER PARADE!**

Dear Philbert Desanex,

In the August 23 edition you misspelled Prime Minister Rzt'fyz'ptl's name in the society section, and now the paper has been banned in Wattalattaland.

As a result, you're fired

Sincerely,

The Editor

(WEEP! CHOKE!) **FIRED!** AFTER **ALL** THESE **YEARS!** (SNIFFLE!) I GUESS THERE'S NOTHING TO DO BUT **CLEAN OUT THE DESK...**

HOW WILL I GET ANOTHER **JOB?** NEWSPAPERS ARE **GOING OUT OF BUSINESS** ALL OVER THE **COUNTRY!** JOBS ARE **SCARCE!** HOW WILL I **PAY THE RENT?** HOW WILL I **EAT??**

SIGH.. I GUESS I'D BETTER TRY TO **GET BACK** SOME OF THAT **MONEY** THAT THE GOVERNMENT HAS BEEN TAKING OUT OF MY PAYCHECK!

I'LL JUST MARCH DOWN TO THE **WELFARE OFFICE** AND HELP MYSELF TO SOME OF THAT **UNEMPLOYMENT** COMPENSATION!

HM. BIT OF A **LINE...**

TALL TOAD

I HATE WAITING IN LINE! THERE'S NOTHING TO DO! I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO TALK ABOUT WITH ANY OF THESE PEOPLE!
WELFARE OFFICE
END OF ALLEY

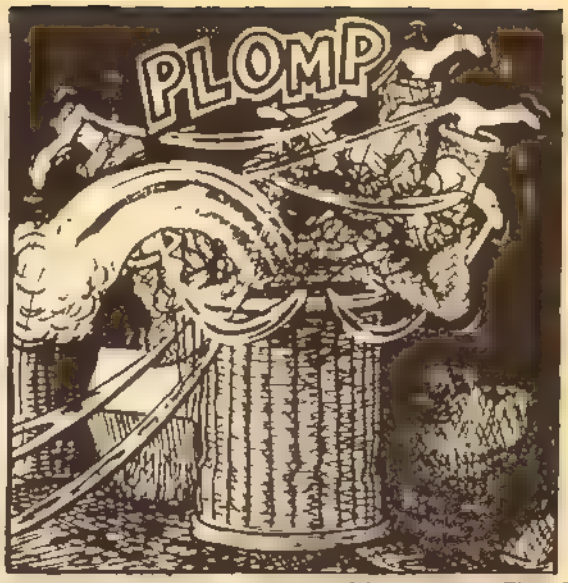
WHEW! IT SURE IS HOT OUT HERE IN THE SUNSHINE IN MY WRINKLE-FREE NO-IRON POLYESTER WOOL SUIT!

(GROMBLE GRUMBLE) I'VE BEEN IN LINE FOR THREE HOURS AND IT HASN'T GOTTEN ONE BIT SHORTER IN ALL THAT TIME!
WELFARE OFFICE
END OF ALLEY

OH, NO! NOW I'VE STEPPED IN A BIG WAD OF MELTED BUBBLE GUM!

ARGGGH! NOW I SAT DOWN IN SOME "DOG EXCREMENT!"
SQUISH

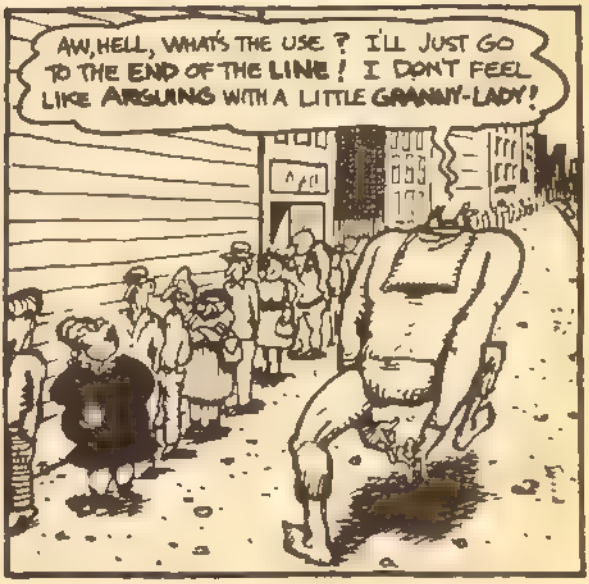
PARDON ME, LADY! COULD YOU SAVE MY PLACE IN LINE WHILE I DUCK INTO THAT ALLEY OVER THERE AND CLEAN OFF MY CLOTHES?
CERTAINLY, YOUNG MAN!

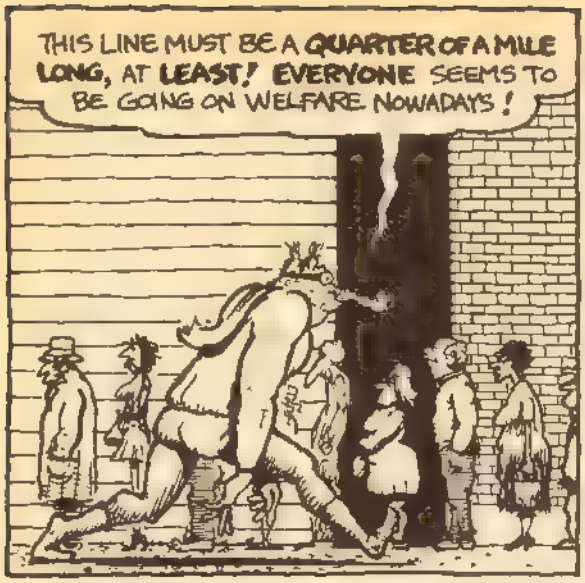

PLOMP

SHRED!
RRIP
ARRRRRGGHH
FLAIL!
REND

I HATE TO WASTE A WONDER WART-HOG APPEARANCE BUT THERE WAS JUST NO WAY I COULDVE CLEANED THAT SUIT!

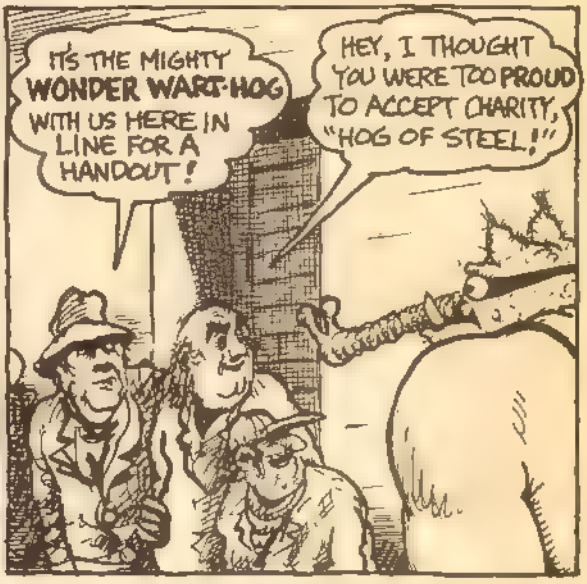
THANKS FOR SAVING MY PLACE, LADY! I, UH...
THE MAN FOR WHOM THIS SPOT IS SAVED IS ONLY ABOUT THIS TALL AND HE WAS WEARING GLASSES! YOU COULDN'T BE HIM!


AW, HELL, WHAT'S THE USE? I'LL JUST GO TO THE END OF THE LINE! I DON'T FEEL LIKE ARGUING WITH A LITTLE GRANNY-LADY!


THIS LINE MUST BE A QUARTER OF A MILE LONG, AT LEAST! EVERYONE SEEMS TO BE GOING ON WELFARE NOWADAYS!

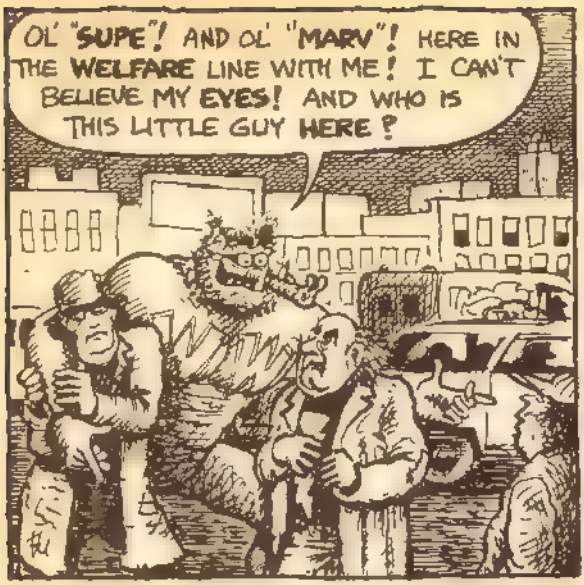
HERE'S THE END AT LAST! I'M GOING TO HAVE TO WAIT IN LINE ALL DAY! IT'S A GOOD THING I AM A PATIENT

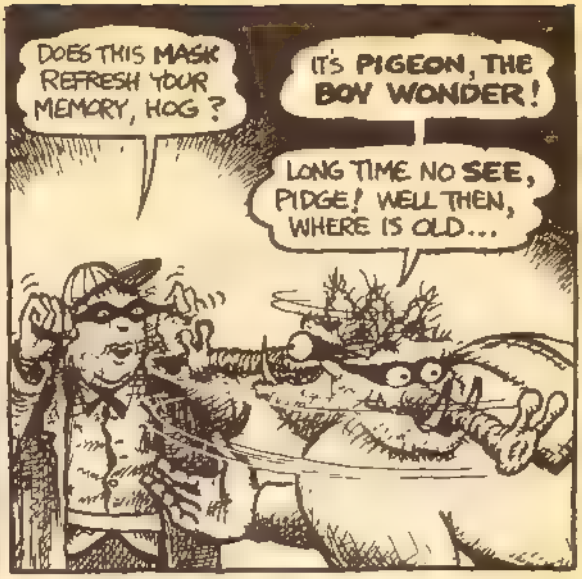
WHY ARE THOSE PEOPLE LAUGHING AT ME?

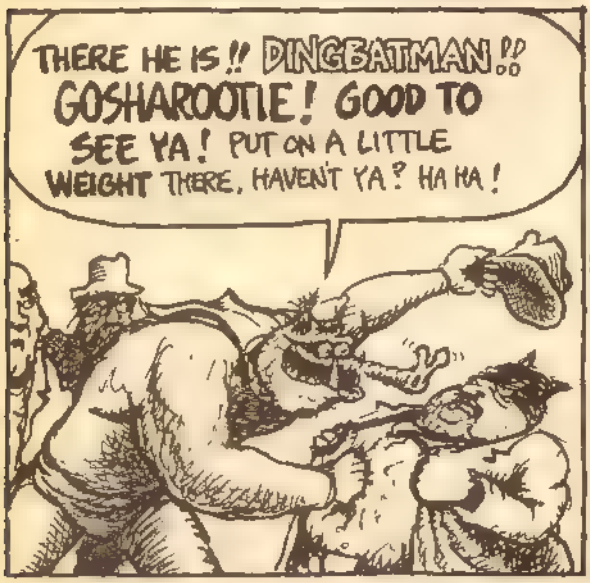

IT'S THE MIGHTY WONDER WART-HOG WITH US HERE IN LINE FOR A HANDOUT!
HEY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO PROUD TO ACCEPT CHARITY, "HOG OF STEEL!"

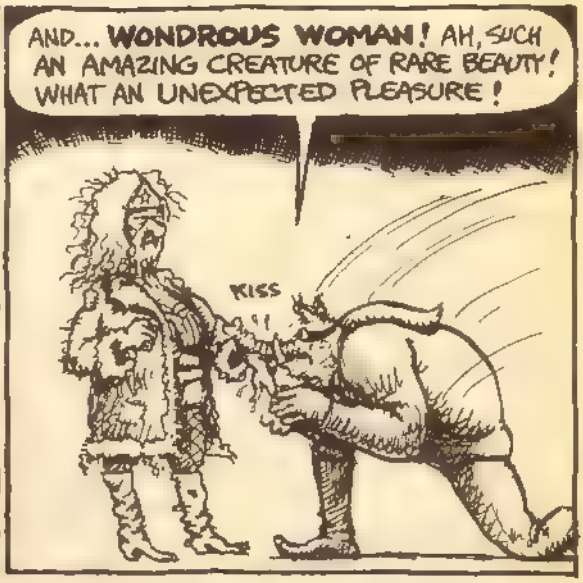
ER, UH... DON'T I KNOW YOU GUYS FROM SOMEWHERE?
NOPE! WE'RE JUST SOME MORE BUMS ON THE DOLE!

YEAH! I RECOGNIZE YOU NOW! YOU'RE SUPERIORMAN! AND YOU'RE... YOU'RE CAPTAIN MARVELOUS!
MY CHILDHOOD HEROES! HOW WONDERFUL!
AW, SHUT UP!


OL' "SUPE"! AND OL' "MARV"! HERE IN THE WELFARE LINE WITH ME! I CAN'T BELIEVE MY EYES! AND WHO IS THIS LITTLE GUY HERE?


DOES THIS MASK REFRESH YOUR MEMORY, HOG?
IT'S PIGEON, THE BOY WONDER!
LONG TIME NO SEE, PIDGE! WELL THEN, WHERE IS OLD...

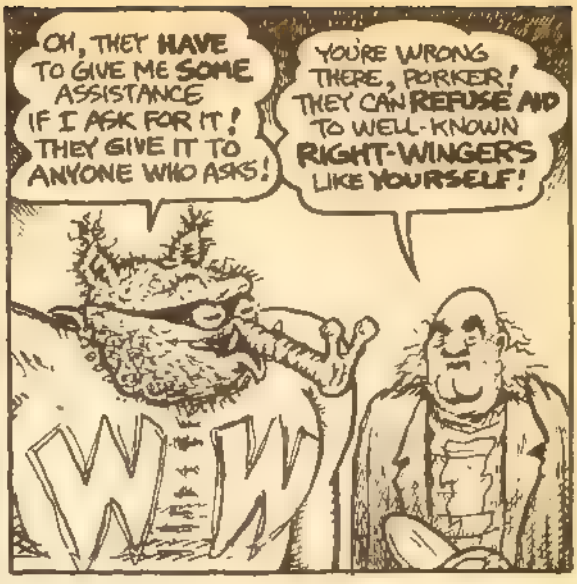

THERE HE IS!! DINGBATMAN!! GOSHAROOTIE! GOOD TO SEE YA! PUT ON A LITTLE WEIGHT THERE, HAVEN'T YA? HA HA!


AND... WONDROUS WOMAN! AH, SUCH AN AMAZING CREATURE OF RARE BEAUTY! WHAT AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!
KISS

WHO ELSE IS HERE? THERE'S DOCTOR QUEER! AND POLYURETHANE MAN! HELLO! YOU TOO, CAPTAIN CORPORATION!

HOW NICE IT IS TO SEE ALL OF YOU ONCE AGAIN! IT'S TOO BAD WE COULDN'T HAVE MET UNDER MORE, ER, UH... FORTUITOUS CIRCUMSTANCES!
AW, SHUT UP, WONDER WART-HOG! YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THE REST OF US!

WELL, I DON'T HAVE TO BEG FOR HANDOUTS, OL' BUDDY! I'M ONLY DOING IT FOR MY ALTER IDENTITY!
EVERYONE'S HEARD THAT EXCUSE, PIG! THEY WON'T BUY THAT ONE DOWN AT THE WELFARE OFFICE!


OH, THEY HAVE TO GIVE ME SOME ASSISTANCE IF I ASK FOR IT! THEY GIVE IT TO ANYONE WHO ASKS!
YOU'RE WRONG THERE, PORKER! THEY CAN REFUSE AID TO WELL-KNOWN RIGHT-WINGERS LIKE YOURSELF!

YOU'RE KIDDING!
NO, IT'S THE TRUTH! THEY'RE DOWNRIGHT PREJUDICED AGAINST REACTIONARIES LIKE WONDER WART-HOG!

THEY CAN'T DO THINGS, LIKE THAT! THEY CAN'T DISCRIMINATE AGAINST ME!
LISTEN TO THAT, COMING FROM A SUPER-HERO WHOSE BEHAVIOR IS INFAMOUS FOR ITS "AGEIST" AND "SEXIST" ATTITUDES!
(SNORT!)

YOU'RE REFERRING TO MY ARCH-ENEMIES SUPER GRANNY AND COMMANDER SENILE, I SUPPOSE! WELL, I'VE ALWAYS FELT LIKE I WAS JUSTIFIED...
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT YOU ARE RENOWNED FOR YOUR DISDAIN OF SHORT PEOPLE, "HOG OF STEEL!" AND THE PERSON AT THE FOOD STAMP DESK IS VERY SHORT!

FOOD STAMPS?
YEAH! THEY PROBABLY WON'T GIVE YOU ANY FOOD STAMPS!

YOU PROBABLY OUGHT TO WALK IN THERE ON YOUR **KNEES** SO THEY WONT SEE HOW **TALL** YOU ARE! AND LET'S PUT A LITTLE **DIRT** ON YOUR COSTUME SO IT WONT BE **TOO CLEAN** TO SUIT THE **WELFARE WORKER!**

JEEZ, THAT WONDER WART-HOG IS **STUPID!**

PIGEON IS GOING TO **PUSH HIM TOO FAR** IF HE'S NOT CAREFUL!

ACE TV REPAIR

(I CAN'T RESIST!) MY **SUPERIOR-HEARING** JUST INFORMED ME THAT THEY'RE ONLY GOING TO LET **TWO HUNDRED MORE** IN TODAY!

LET ME COUNT QUICKLY... 198, 199, **200!** **PIGEON**, YOU'RE THE **LAST** TO **MAKE IT!**

OH, **NO!** YOU MEAN THEY'RE GOING TO MAKE ME COME BACK **TOMORROW?** OH NO, **PLEASE!**

THEY MIGHT LET ME IN **TODAY** IF **ONE** OF **YOU** PEOPLE WOULD **GET OUT** OF THE LINE!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO THROW **ONE** OF US OUT, YOU HAD BETTER BE PREPARED TO THROW **ALL** OF US OUT, WONDER!

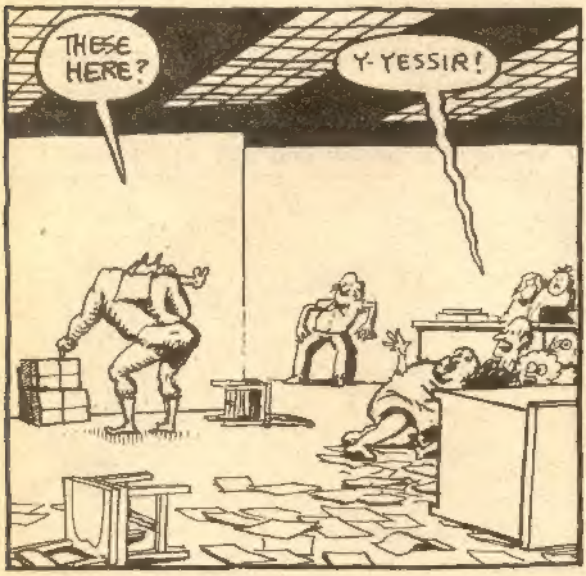
MAYBE THAT'S NOT SUCH A BAD IDEA!

MAYBE OL' WONDER WART-HOG ISN'T SUCH A SEXIST & AGEIST PIG AFTER ALL!

YOU HAVE TO ADMIT HE'LL PUNCH OUT **ANYONE** THAT GETS BETWEEN HIM AND HIS **DINNER!**

EVERYBODY OUTA TH' WAY! I HAVE TO GET IN THERE! MOVE ASIDE! ROARR!
WELFARE OFFICE
USE OTHER DOOR

WHERE ARE THE FOOD STAMPS? TELL ME! (PUFF! GRUNT!)
TH-TH-THEY'RE IN THOSE B-B-BOXES BY THE W-W-WALL!


THESE HERE?
Y-YESSIR!

POP

PHOOEY! THESE FOOD STAMPS TASTE JUST LIKE PAPER!
MUNCH MUNCH CHEW

Gilbert Shelton's ADVANCED MOTORING TIPS #113

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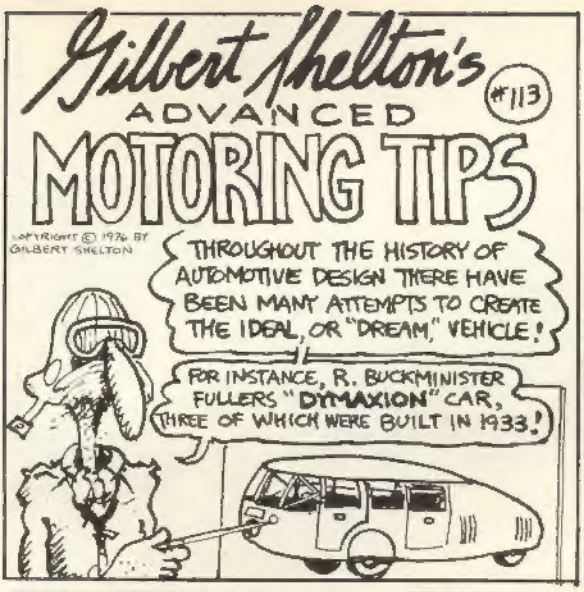

... AND SO, BECAUSE I CAN'T STAND IT ANY LONGER, HERE IS **MY** DESIGN FOR THE CAR OF THE FUTURE,

THE URBAN EQUALIZER!!!

IT'S DESIGNED FOR DEFENSIVE *And* OFFENSIVE DRIVING!

NO ACCESORIES TO GET STOLEN!

IT GETS ONLY 1½ MILES PER GALLON OF PREMIUM GASOLINE, BUT THAT IS BETTER THAN MANY **BOATS!**

In the cutaway view of the behemoth headquarters of the infamous San Francisco publishing house we are able to see how those geniuses make their comic-book. Starting at ground level on the left, where we see the small heap of petty cash that Rip Off pays to pay its large array of part-time employees. (The bulk of Rip Off's cash reserves are not in this small vault, of course, but in numbered Swiss bank accounts.) Some employees can be seen waiting humbly in line.

A dirt-walled tunnel leads downward from the ground level into a large, dank, underground room. Here we see the students of Rip Off's Famous Underground Cartoonists' School hard at work. A monitor, called the "Muse," circles the room with an armload of massage pots, looking for artists that aren't keeping busy enough. The students, who each pay thirty dollars a week for their boards, have their artistic creations taken up at the end of each day, to be evaluated by Rip Off Press' staff of experts. Up above on the ground floor, two serious apprentices pass in and out in an endless parade of stack decks flies by, laden with boxes of comics. In the front entrance, an applicant is paying the five dollar guidance fee.

The remaining rooms on the ground floor belong to the shipping department. From a warehouse door emerges a crew of Vietnam belonging to the Rip Off Press motor pool. The Bay Bridge is visible in the background.

On the second level, at left, we see a tour one of the incoming presses of the numerous Rip Off Printing Division. A brisk, fortunate press forms a thick column of white smoke, which is in turn part the produces of the Cartoonists' Infernal dormitory. In the large main office, the office of Frederic B. Todd, President of Rip Off Press, Inc., somehow or other some kind of form has gotten in and is standing on top of the President's desk, apparently stealing a light bulb. Ha ha, just kidding! That's actually old Fred himself, who is slightly eccentric and changes his own light bulbs.

Out through the President's secretary's office a maximum crew is setting up on the mezzanine, awaiting the arrival of a celebrity on tour. In the far room, Rip Off Vice-President Dave Baumann and his cronies while away an otherwise dull afternoon.

The third floor belongs to the Senior Cartoonists. In the senior cartoonist washroom at the left, one of the senior farmers is spraying another with a stream of water from the washbasin. The Number One Cartoonist usually stands second, so usual. It is not actually used by any of the cartoonists as a studio, only as an outside to get out of anybody that might come around that they don't particularly want to see. "Sorry, we don't have ladies," they say. "There's no empty drawing board over there."

A game room with pool table, pinball machines and a shooting gallery is across the stairwell from the real cartoonists' studio, where the senior cartoonists take the 1000000% of the work from the Famous Cartoonists School that actually shows any merit, enjoy it and sign their own names to it.

On the fourth floor, a game of Iranian tennis is in progress. This unique game, played with two nets, two balls, and four players, is widely popular in the city of San Francisco. In the other room, Upper-echelon employees shot over cocktails with important clients while they observe the antics of the upstairs guests in the transparent swimming pool.

Not much is known about the roof penthouse, since few if any Rip Off Press employees have ever been invited up there. It is rumored to be the scene of many an extravagant party, and sometimes the Saturday nighttime orgies are filled with unwanted helicopters flying the ultra-wealthy guests in from the surrounding regions.

DRAWING BY DUANE SHELTON

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Sir Real's

UNDERGROUND COMIX CLASSIX

Rip Off Comix #1

Published April 1977
1st edition
Rip Off Press
75¢
52 pages
Printrun of ? copies
7" x 10"
ISBN:

Comments:

75¢ cover price.

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2 - Griffith Observatory, "Street Crazies"
3 - The Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers In "The Parakeet That Outwitted The D.E.A."
19 - The Casebook Of Doctor Feelgood
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23 - E.Z. Wolf
24 - E.Z. Wolf's Kangaroo Court
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26 - Gilbert Shelton's Advanced Motoring Tips #115
27 - Dopin' Dan And The Mysterious Stranger
31 - Griffith Observatory, "The Anal Retentives"
32 - Gilbert Shelton's Advanced Motoring Tips #111

Artists:

Gilbert Shelton - 1, 3-18(a), 26, 32, 42-52
Ted Richards - 1, 23-25, 27-30, 33, 35, 37-39
Frank Stack - 1, 19-22
Dave Sheridan - 1, 41
Bill Griffith - 2, 31, 40
Joe Brown - 3-18(s)
Justin Green - 34, 36

33 - The Forty Year Old Hippie, "Energy Focus Amplifier"
34 - Grace And Grease
35 - The Forty Year Old Hippie, "Trippin' In The Sixties"
36 - Pre-Dawn Antics
37 - E.Z. Wolf
38 - The Forty Year Old Hippie, "Child Person"
39 - E.Z. Wolf's Kangaroo Court
40 - Griffith Observatory, "The Art Critics"
41 - Nerds
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52 - Read More Comix